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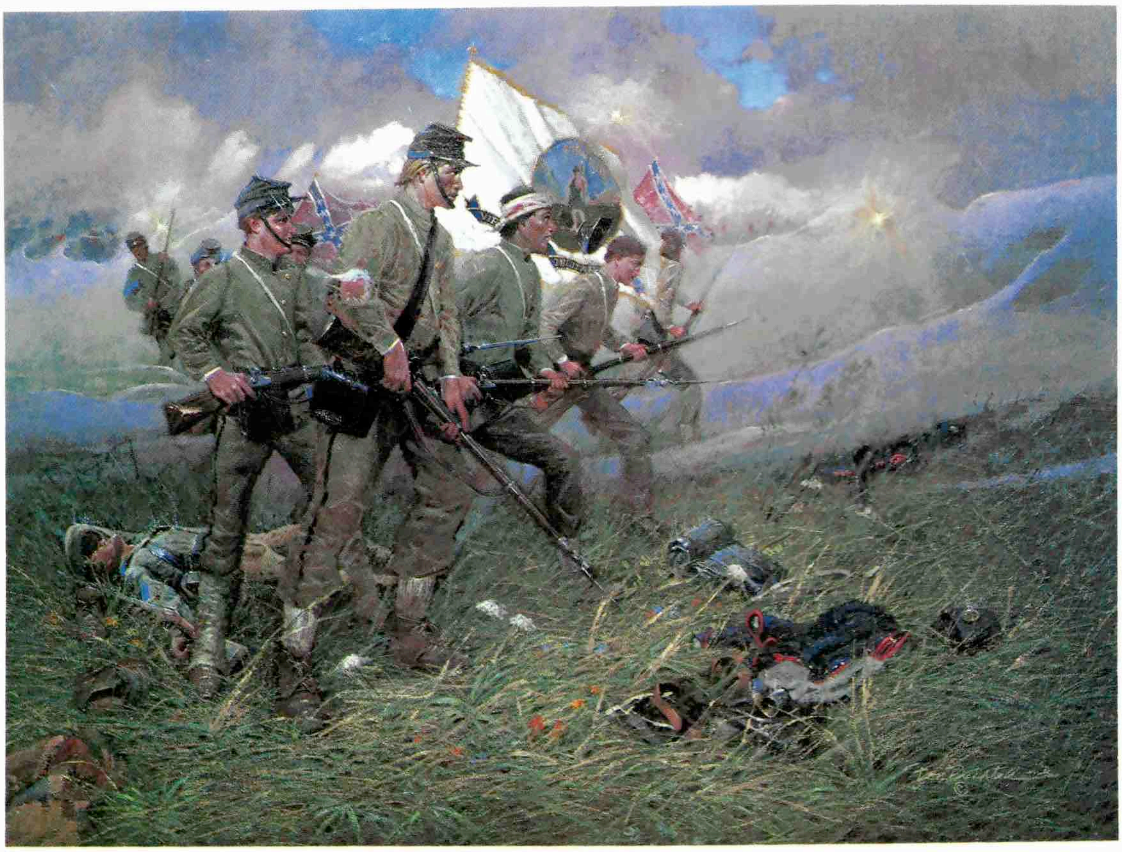

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OCTOBER 1984
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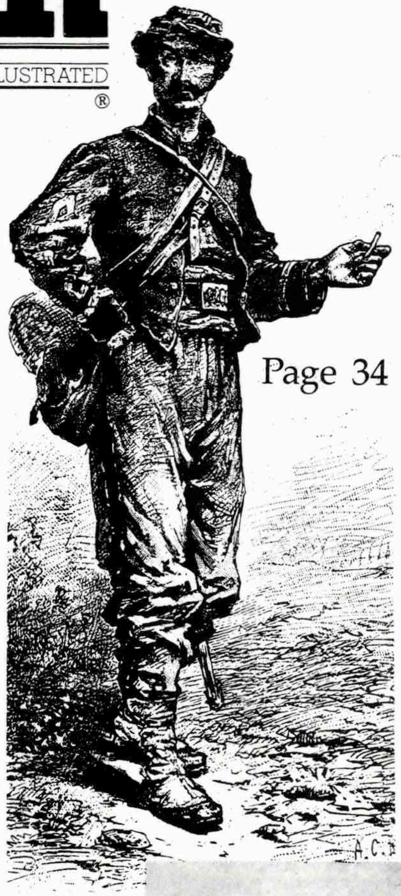

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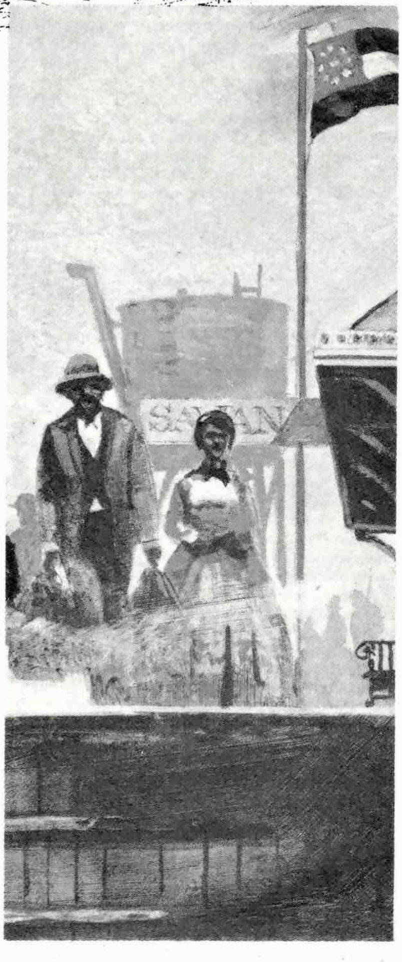

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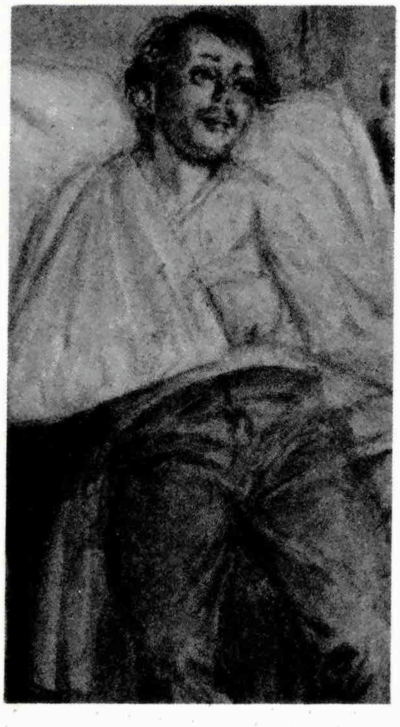

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OUR COVER: "Near Submission." Georgia Confederate Gary Currens attacks Pennsylvania Federal John Heiser in the north pasture of the Trostle Farm on the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Photo by John Corcoran.

ON THE BACK: 18th President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant. Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, Washington, D.C.

CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 1984 VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 6

Civil War Times Illustrated, founded by Robert Fowler, is a publication of Historical Times, Inc. *Civil War Times Illustrated* is affiliated with the following Historical Times, Inc. publications and subsidiaries: *American History Illustrated, British Heritage, Early American Life, Fly Fisherman, Country Journal,* Museum Editions, Ltd., and Historical Times Travel.

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CIVIL WAR TIMES ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0009-8094) is published monthly except July and August for $18.00 per year for all U.S. subscriptions and $23.00 per year for all foreign subscriptions by the National Historical Society, 2245 Kohn Road, P.O. Box 8200, Harrisburg, PA 17105-8200. Second Class postage paid at Harrisburg, PA 17105 and at additional mailing offices. Printed by World Color Press, Effingham, IL. Postmaster: Send address changes to CIVIL WAR TIMES Illustrated, P.O. Box 1863, Mt. Morris, IL 61054. Direct editorial mail and advertising inquiries to CIVIL WAR TIMES Illustrated, Box 8200, Harrisburg, PA 17105. Unless expressly stated, CWTI neither endorses nor is responsible for the content of advertisements appearing in its pages. This magazine assumes no responsibility to unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by return postage. All rights reserved. It is prohibited to reproduce this issue or any portion in any form, or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. All inquiries should be addressed to Historical Times, Inc., Editorial Offices, 2245 Kohn Road, Box 8200, Harrisburg, PA 17105.

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AUTHORS' CORPS

Abraham Lincoln began life in rustic poverty. He died 56 years later, a man of unsurpassed public accomplishment and private mystery.

Gore Vidal, one of America's best-known and best-respected novelists, this year released *Lincoln,* his fictional account of the 16th President's years in the Executive Mansion. How much of his work on Lincoln is fiction? How much is speculation? How did he research it? Why did he attempt telling a personal story about a man so widely loved and misunderstood?

In this issue of *CWTI,* Vidal talks with editor John Stanchak. Out of their conversation comes a portrait of a writer at work and a picture of a U.S. President, intellectually powerful and personally enigmatic. Historical novelist Robert Fowler reviews Vidal's *Lincoln,* an engrossing work of imagination months on the nation's best-seller lists.

Just as Lincoln's White House years inspired the respect of generations of Americans, Ulysses S. Grant's tenure as President generated everything from public pity to scorn. No less complex than Lincoln, Grant was more open about some aspects of his past—some aspects, not all. He never explained why, during the Civil War, he issued "That Obnoxious Order."

Author John Simon's article, "That Obnoxious Order," tells how in late 1862 Grant's army occupied a large swath of Mississippi. Then a major general, Grant faced administrative and military problems. In a dilemma involving cotton speculators, pressure from the Lincoln Administration, his own prejudices, and his own father, he issued an order expelling all Jews from his department. This anti-Semitic act was a personal and political blunder that followed him to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. John Simon, vice president of the Ulysses S. Grant Association, used primary source material in researching this incident.

Grant's struggle with his prejudices was not unique. In "An Act Unbecoming," Dr. Louis J. Schmier, professor of history at Georgia's Valdosta State College, recounts an incident that occurred in Thomas
County, Georgia. There, du
Civil War, Confederate civili
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Veteran *CWTI* author
mends that readers w
know more about this fi
Four Years In The Confede
(1961), by Henry Robins
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THE CIVIL WAR

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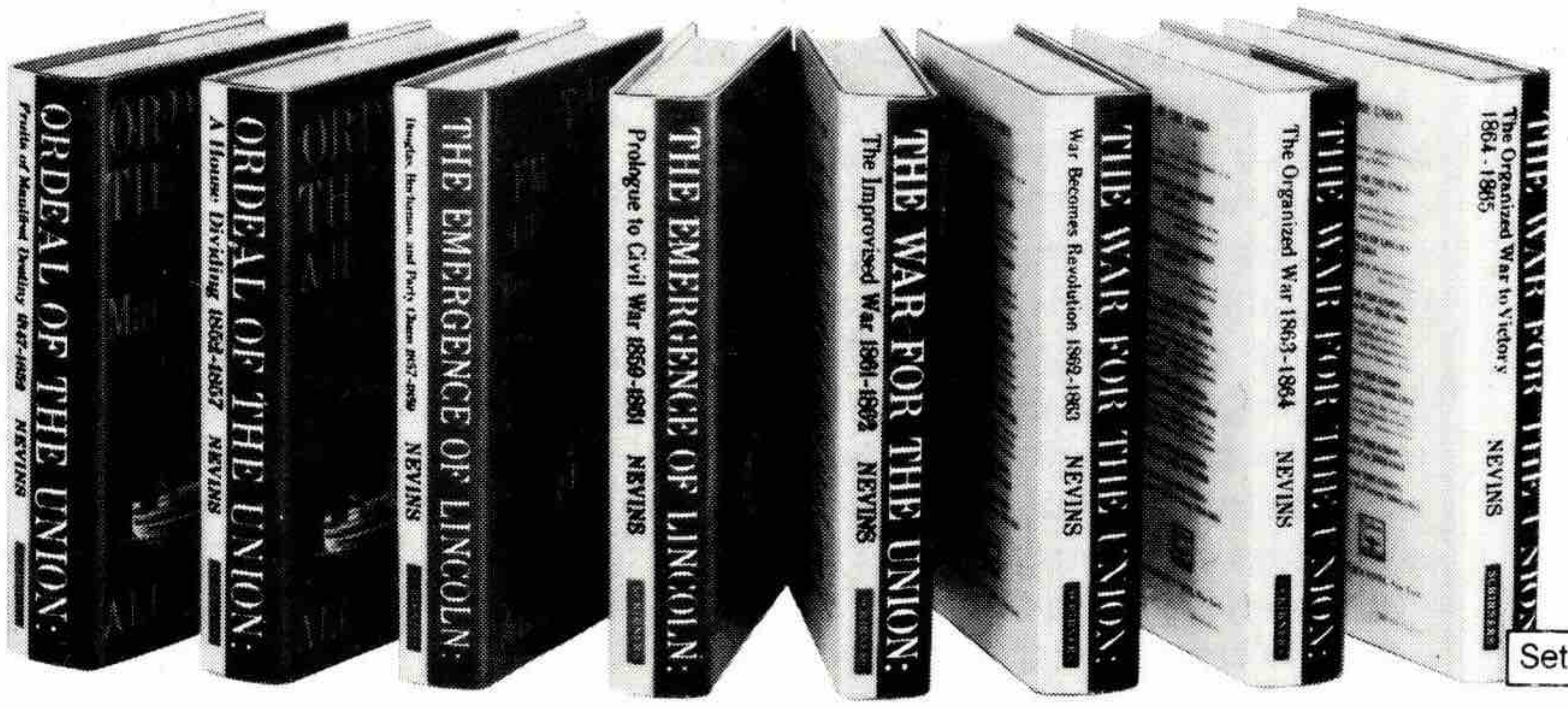

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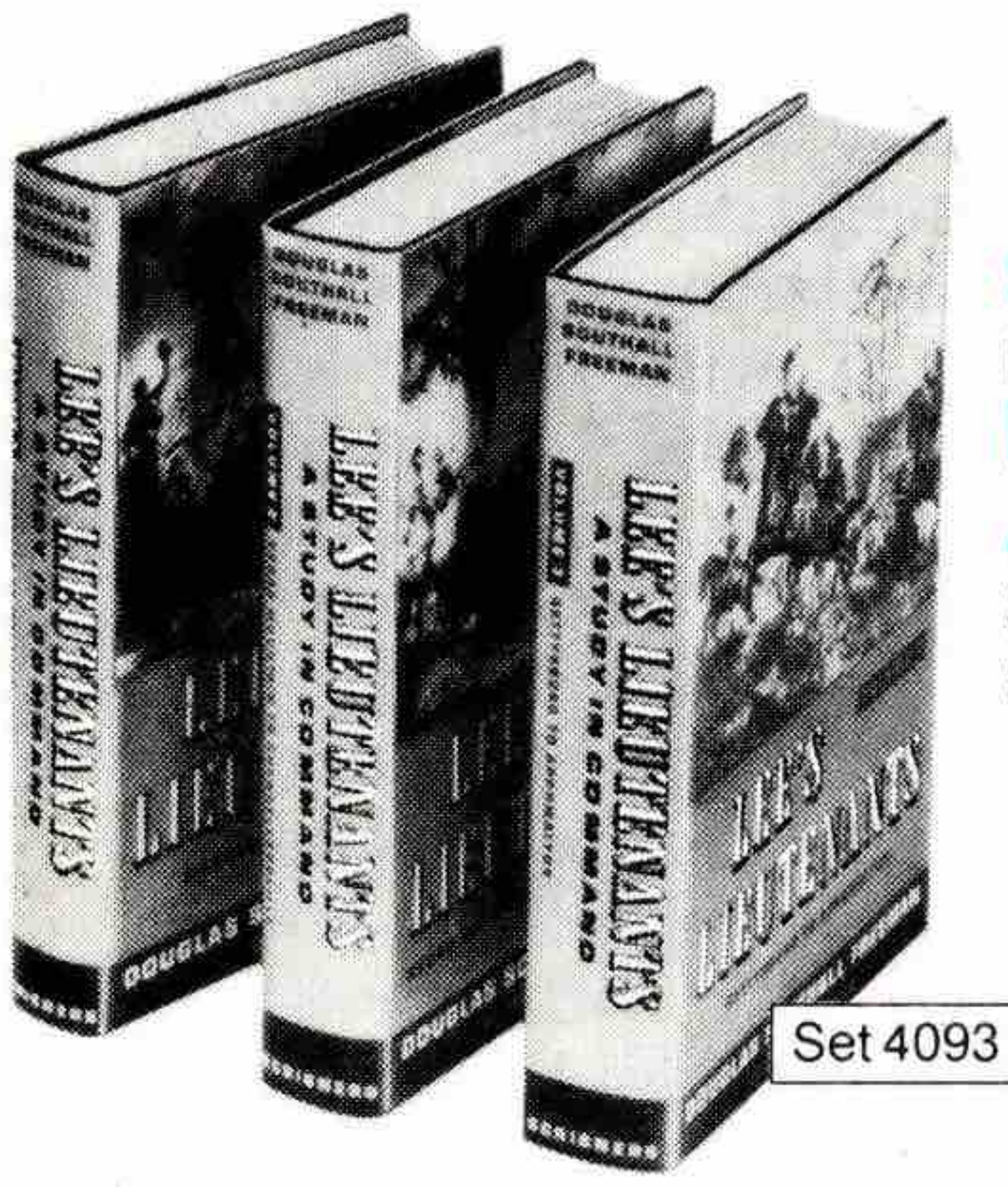

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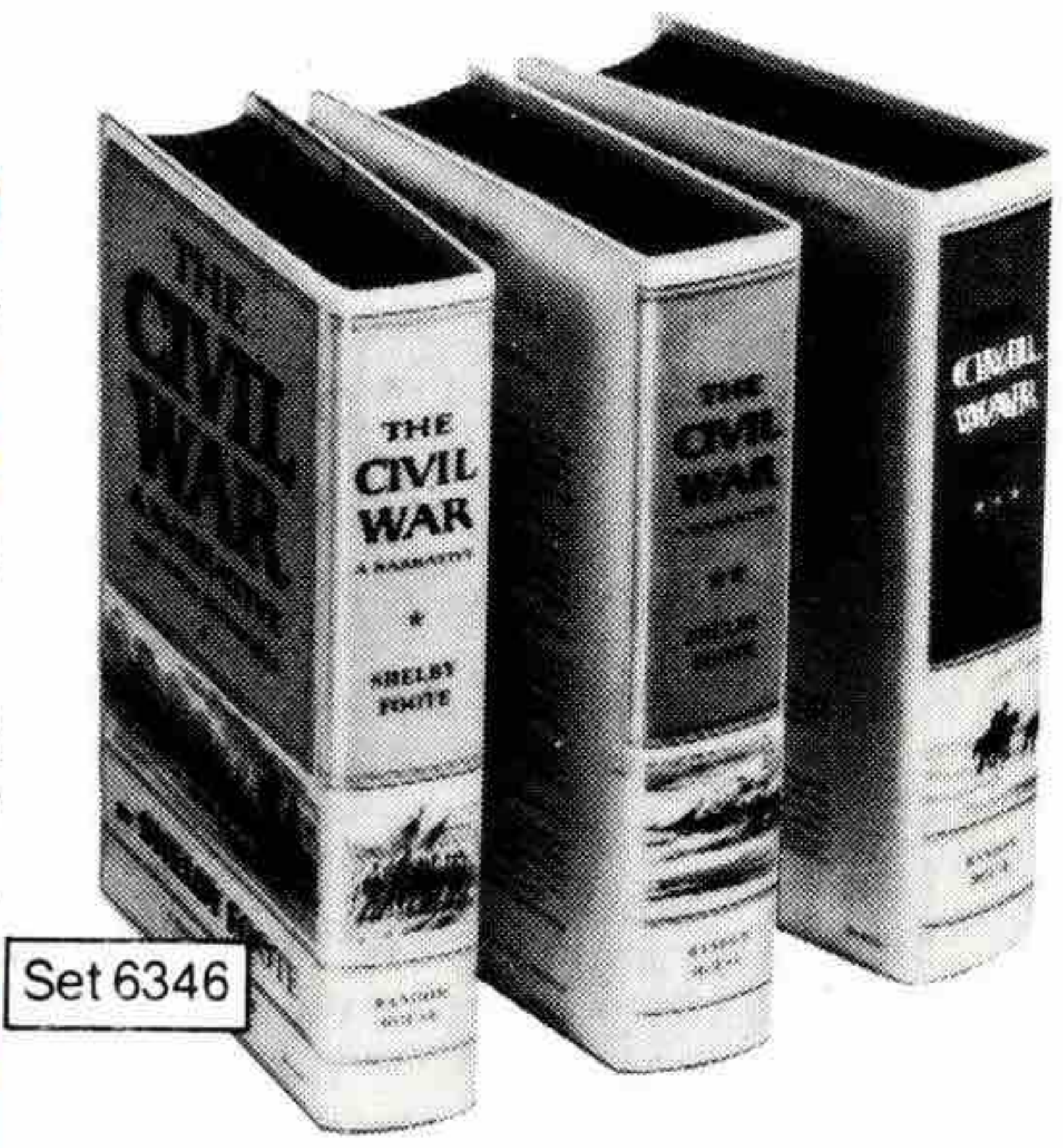

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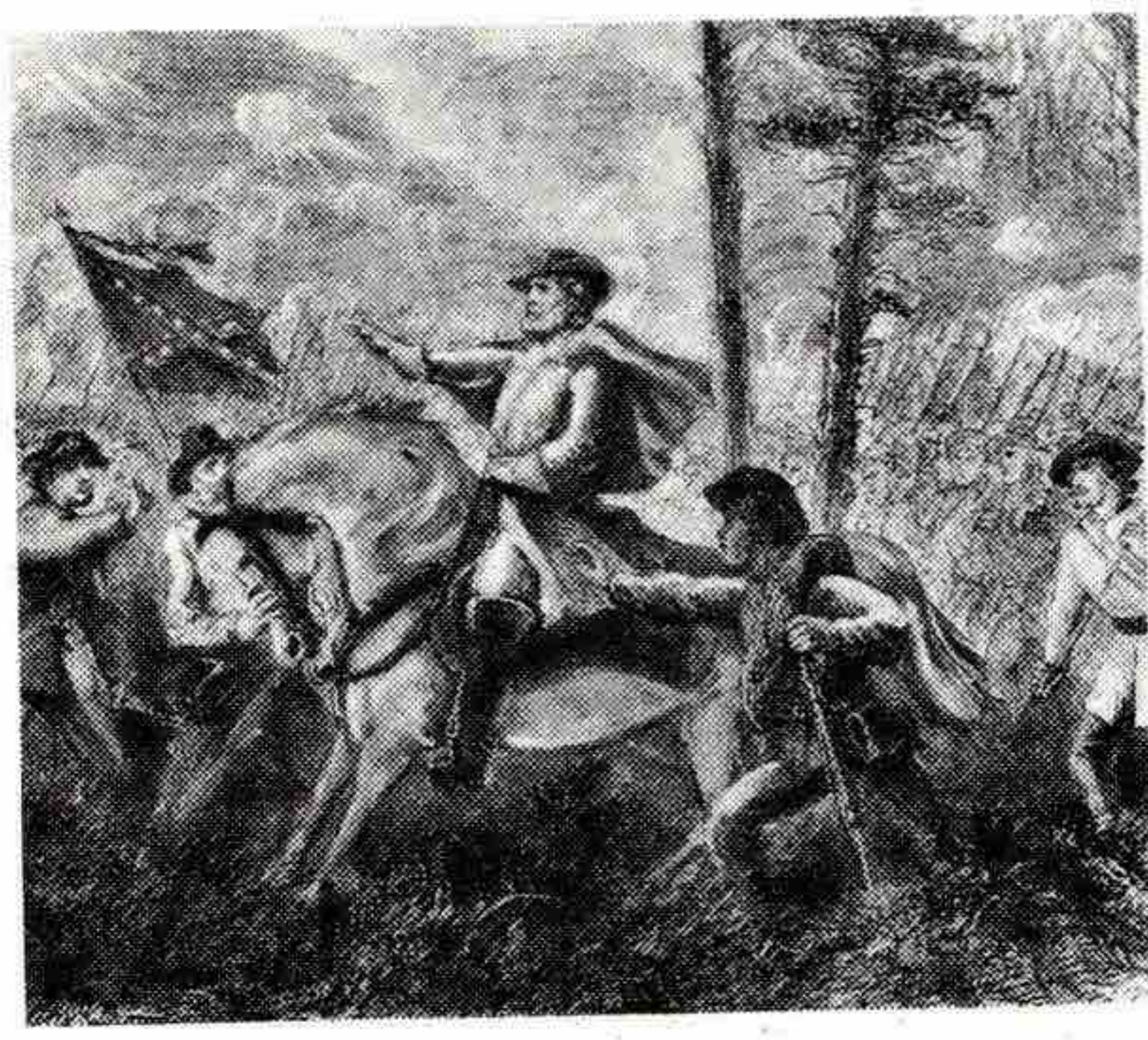

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BEHIND THE LINES

What follows is a guest column by Dennis Rogers of the Raleigh, North Carolina* News and Observer. *This story first appeared in his regular column in that publication.

South Mills, North Carolina

The Confederate soldiers defending this northeastern North Carolina town on April 19, 1862, first saw the woman during the heat of the battle that raged over these swampy fields.

They were dug into the south of the town, facing 5,000 Yankee troops. Between the lines, in an open field, was an old house.

Suddenly the Rebel boys saw the figure of a young woman break from the Union lines. Carrying a baby in her arms, she ran as hard as she could for the safety of the old house in the middle of the battlefield.

Henry Dixon, the aristocratic son of wealthy South Carolina planters, saw the woman and baby reach the house safely. He could also see that the house was being ripped to shreds by cannon and rifle fire.

So the young man—who had left his home in the blood-pounding days when the war was young and every Southerner thought it would be over in a month—dropped his gun and dashed across the open battlefield for the little house.

He was too late. A cannon blast had killed the woman, striking her in the face. But the baby she was carrying was alive, smeared in its mother's blood, trying to wake her up as it sat by her unrecognizable body.

Dixon grabbed the infant and ran back to his lines, somehow making it through the fire to safety.

Dixon gave the child to Dr. R.A. Lewis, the unit surgeon, and went back to being a soldier. Lewis eventually took the child, a baby girl, to his home in Richmond where she would live.

But Lewis did something else that fateful day. When the battle was over, he went out looking for survivors and to oversee burial of the dead. He found the woman's body in the house and removed a locket from her breast, slipping it into his pocket and planning one day to give it to the little girl.

Henry Dixon survived the war and returned to South Carolina. But Sherman's army had gotten there first, and the only thing left was blackened rubble and the graves of his parents.

Among the missing was his wife, the former Mary Singleton. No one could tell him what had happened to Mary. All the neighbors knew was that she had left South Carolina during the war, taking their only child with her. Some said she went to Norfolk, looking for Henry.

Dixon went in search of Mary and the baby. He followed her trail to Norfolk, but there it died.

His search and his money ended, Dixon returned to South Carolina and began the long work of rebuilding his plantation and his life. But then there was a windfall of money and the search was on again.

Back to Norfolk he went, this time for a month, but with the same dead-end result. Mary Singleton Dixon had vanished.

Brokenhearted, Dixon decided to drop in on his old friend Lewis before returning home. On his way to Lewis' Richmond home, Dixon happened by a school while recess was on.

There, in that place of childish laughter, was a little girl playing in the schoolyard.

Dixon asked the little girl her name. She said it was May Darling. He asked her where she lived. She said with Dr. Lewis.

Dixon went to the Lewis home. Lewis told him that May Darling wasn't really her name. It was the little girl Dixon had saved from the battlefield, and since they didn't know her last name, they had taken to calling her May Darling.

Lewis showed Dixon something else that day, the locket he had taken from the dead woman's breast.

Dixon, with shaking fingers, opened the locket.

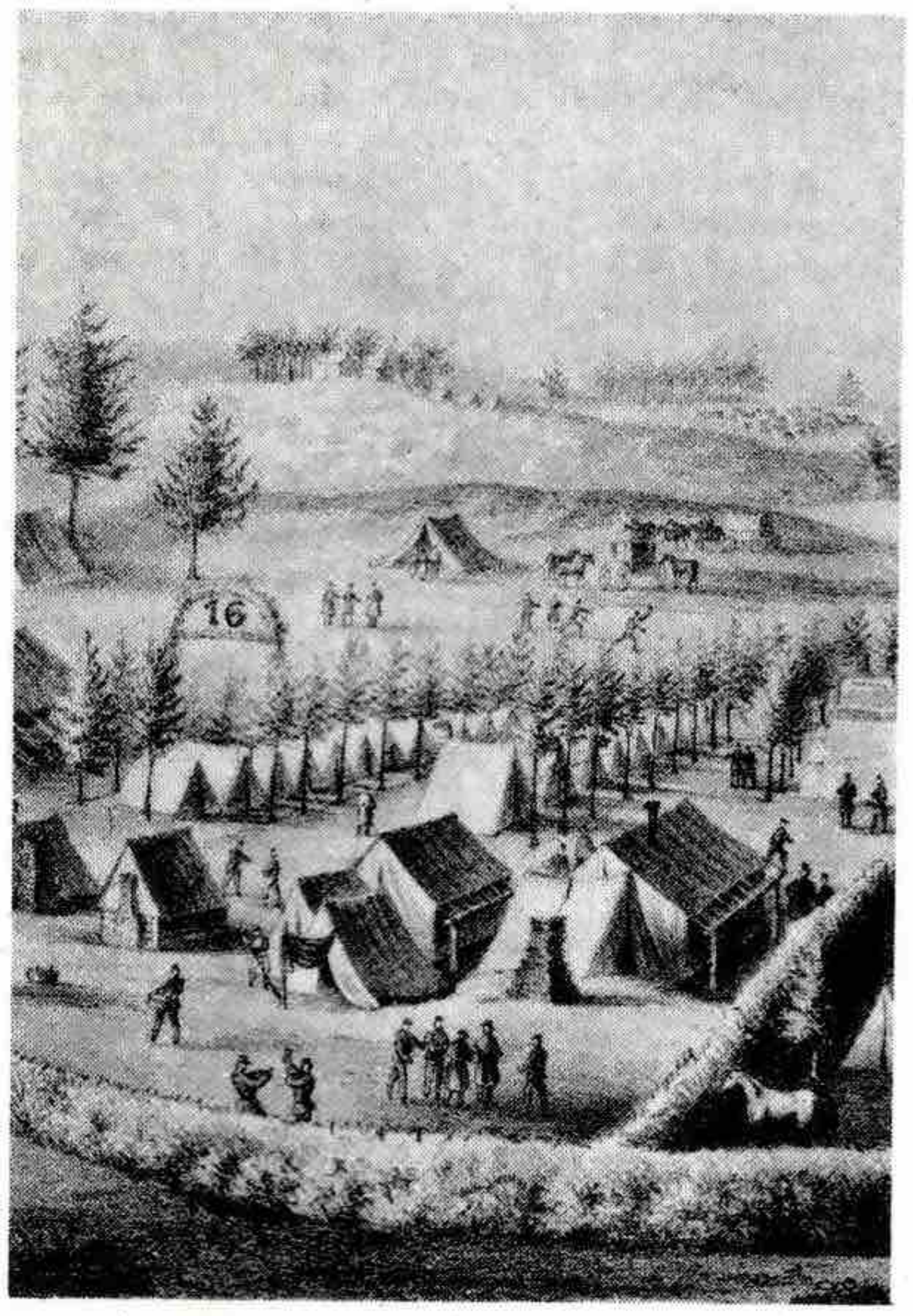
On one side was a picture of the little girl.

On the other side was a picture of Henry Dixon.

The dead woman with the locket had been Mary Singleton Dixon, Henry's wife. She had gone looking for her husband, and he had found her that bloody day, too late only by the seconds it takes a cannon ball to fly.

The child Henry Dixon saved so long ago was his daughter. ▣

THE WAR IN WORDS



CAMP OF 16TH MICHIGAN

Puristic historians, debunkers, plus many who were uninvolved and hence unknowledgeable, downgrade the Civil War Centennial. It was gaudiness personified, we are sometimes told, a popular-consumption sideshow that celebrated everything and commemorated nothing. Such indictments are born of ignorance. Beneath the pageantry and parades, the 100th anniversary of the Civil War sparked a tremendous amount of scholarly research and authoritative writing, especially on the part of local agencies.

Take the Michigan Civil War Centennial Observance Commission, for example.

The Wolverine State was never the scene of a major battle in the 1860s; its contributions in men and materiel were not a match for such sister states as Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York; being a relatively new addition to the Union, Michigan lacked great traditions. Be that as it may, the state's Centennial agency–headed by Floyd Haight, F. Clever Bald, Lewis Beeson and W.E.C. Huthwaite–conceived and produced a truly outstanding pamphlet series in the last half of the nationwide observance.

Varying in length from 18 to 132 pages, and written by informed authorities within the state, the twenty-six booklets issued during 1963–1966 covered social, economic, political and, to a lesser degree, military topics. Seven of the works treated of the relationship between the Civil War and Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, Episcopalians, and Dutch Reformed members in Michigan. Another seven titles in the series gave little-known and incisive data on the effect of the war on Michigan farming, labor, music, manufacturing, blacks, mining, and higher education.

On the military side, the most sought-after work in the series was *Michigan and the Civil War Years, 1860–1866: A Wartime Chronicle.* Also in the same category were *Michigan Medal of Honor Winners in the Civil War, Small Arms Used by Michigan Regiments in the Civil War, Michigan Civil War Monuments,* and *The Tri-State Soldiers' and Sailors' Encampment.*

"The fairer sex" was not neglected. The first two installments in the series were *Mary Austin Wallace: Her Diary, 1862* and *Michigan Women in the Civil War.*

Bibliographical tools were present in *Materials on the Civil War Recommended for Use in Schools* and *Michigan in the Civil War: A Guide to the Materials in Detroit Newspapers, 1861–1865.* Anecdotal pieces and vignettes became available in *Twice Told Tales.* An overview of the whole series, plus a simply stated summary of the Michigan Centennial Commission's total efforts, were incorporated in the last booklet: *Report to the Governor and the People of Michigan.* The report listed members, meetings, subcommittees and activities; it outlined conferences held and monuments re-dedicated; it underscored years of cooperation with other Centennial commissions, North and South. The booklet then closed with a dozen appendices on a variety of subjects.

Like so many state centennial commissions of the 1960s, the Michigan organization worked on a severely limited budget. One sad result was that the above-named booklets all were published in small quantities. Each went out-of-print quickly, and only rarely today does one appear on the used book market. This is regrettable, for the Michigan Commission demonstrated admirably that local talent, working with local history, can produce healthy seedlings which in time blossom into a nation's heritage. ■

Unidentified Confederate cavalryman
Collection of William A. Turner

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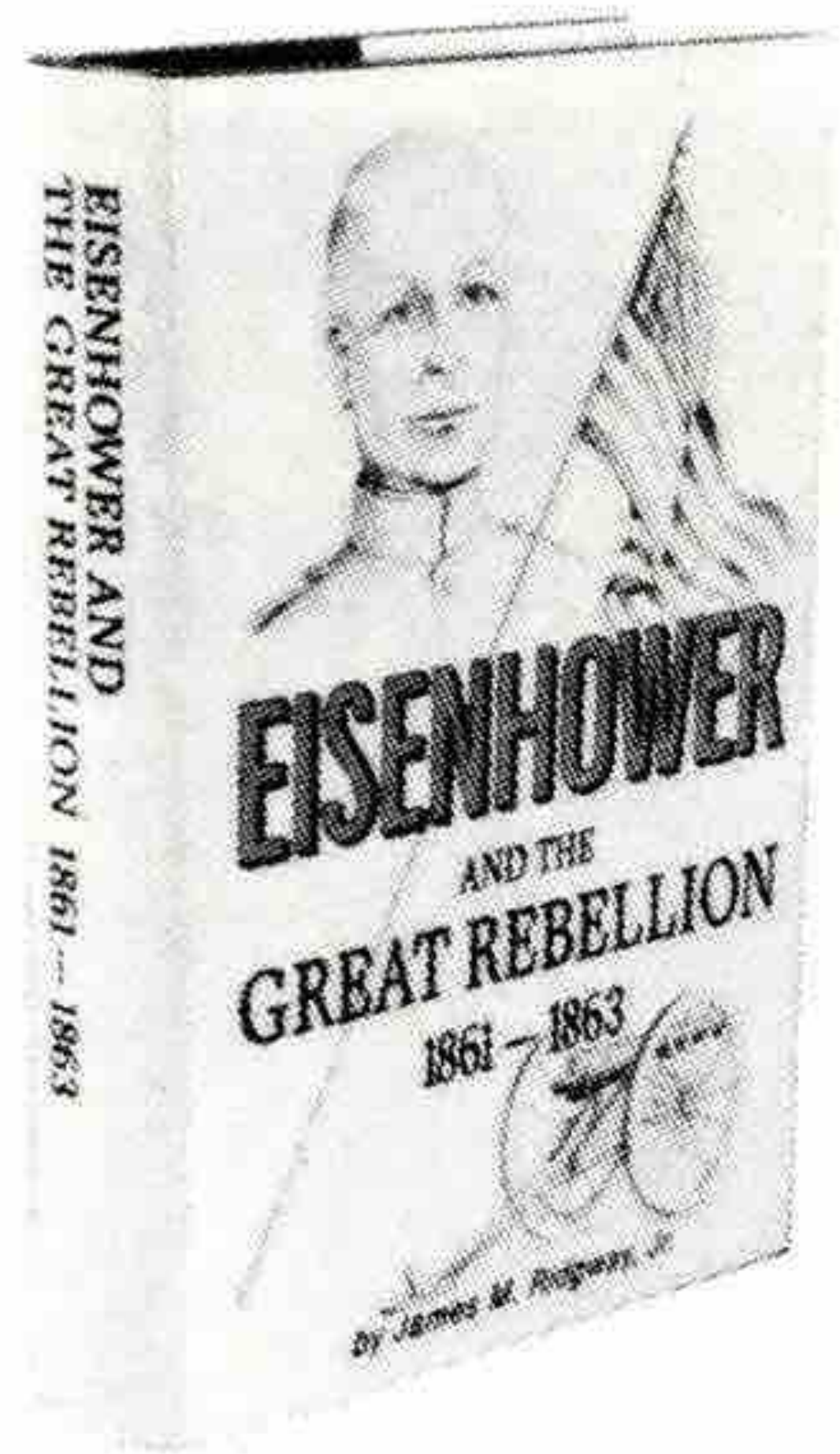

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BOOK REVIEWS

LINCOLN: A NOVEL. By Gore Vidal. New York: Random House. 657 pp. $19.95.

As a literary genre, historical fiction sometimes is judged by both its worst and most prolific subtypes rather than the very best. Inundated with potboiler romances, we tend to forget that many classic literary works at heart are historical novels.

Vidal's fictional study of Abraham Lincoln and his administration may not rank with *War and Peace* or *A Tale of Two Cities* but it does stand with the best of the more obvious works of historical fiction. And it offers this extra dimension: Not only is it good, accurate historical fiction, it presents an unparalleled psychological study of a great American.

In short, this book is a *tour de force.* Vidal knows his Lincoln lore and fact and is well versed, too, in the history of the Civil War both political and military. Unlike the usual historical potboiler, his *Lincoln* does not place the burden of the narrative on contrived characters looking on from the sidelines. He skillfully uses Lincoln, his secretary, John Hay, various cabinet members, Mrs. Lincoln, and one of the Lincoln assassination conspirators, David Herold, as leading characters, with dozens of other real persons in secondary roles. Students of the Civil War will recognize much of the dialogue as being lifted from scholarly works. And they will marvel at the nuances of the interplay between powerful and ambitious politicians and journalists.

Vidal slips occasionally when he introduces a cardboard character or employs awkward dialogue in an obvious way to retail information. And many of his transitions from scene to scene are abrupt. His barebones account of Lincoln's assassination might have been written for a third-rate encyclopedia.

The genius of this outstanding work lies in its clear, objective portrait of Abraham Lincoln himself. Vidal's Old Abe is ambitious and even crafty, a superb politician, but as the story of America's greatest crisis unfolds, we see his character, like that of any good hero in an old-fashioned novel, growing to meet the gigantic challenges. At the end, several years after the war, Vidal has John Hay acknowledging what the presidential secretary did not, could not see in 1861: Lincoln was our greatest Chief Executive. He not only saved the Union, he re-created America.

It takes a mighty talent to tell this pivotal story of American history, with all its complexities, accurately and also to tell it in a compelling style. Vidal has set a new standard for historical fiction.

Robert H. Fowler
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

THE CHILDREN OF PRIDE: A TRUE STORY OF GEORGIA AND THE CIVIL WAR. Abridged edition. Edited by Robert Manson Myers. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1984. Illus., map, xiv, 671 pp. $25.00.

Charles Colcock Jones (1804–1863) was a Presbyterian clergyman who, after graduation from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1830 and a brief career with a church in Savannah, returned to his native Liberty County, Georgia, to manage his family's three rice and cotton plantations. Over the years his children grew to maturity and went away to school to pursue lives of their own and to serve in the Confederate army. The family members kept in touch by mail, and in 1972 Robert Manson Myers published a massive collection of their letters (1,145 pages of text, 289 pages of biographical sketches of 1,122 persons mentioned in the letters, and 105 pages of index). The original edition won wide and deserved acclaim.

For the new, abridged edition, Myers has, as he admits, "inevitably created a new book—swifter and more sharply focused." Like its predecessor, the abridged version is "something akin to an epistolary novel" made up of letters "brought together in chronological order without editorial links . . . [to] form a coherent independent narrative related entirely in the words of the characters themselves. . . . a true story told in letters."

Myers has omitted part of his original "Prologue" with some of its in-

Continued on page 10

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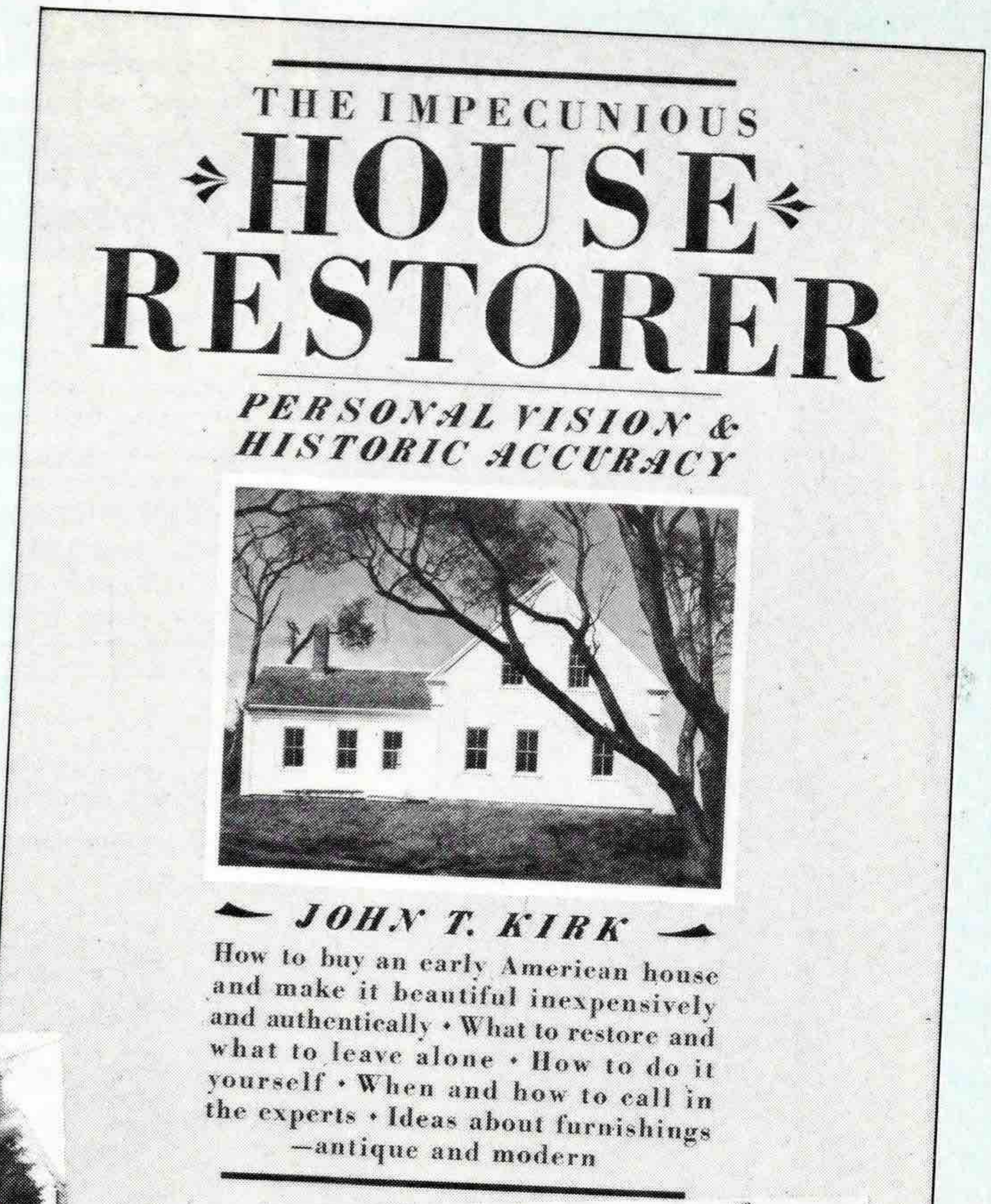

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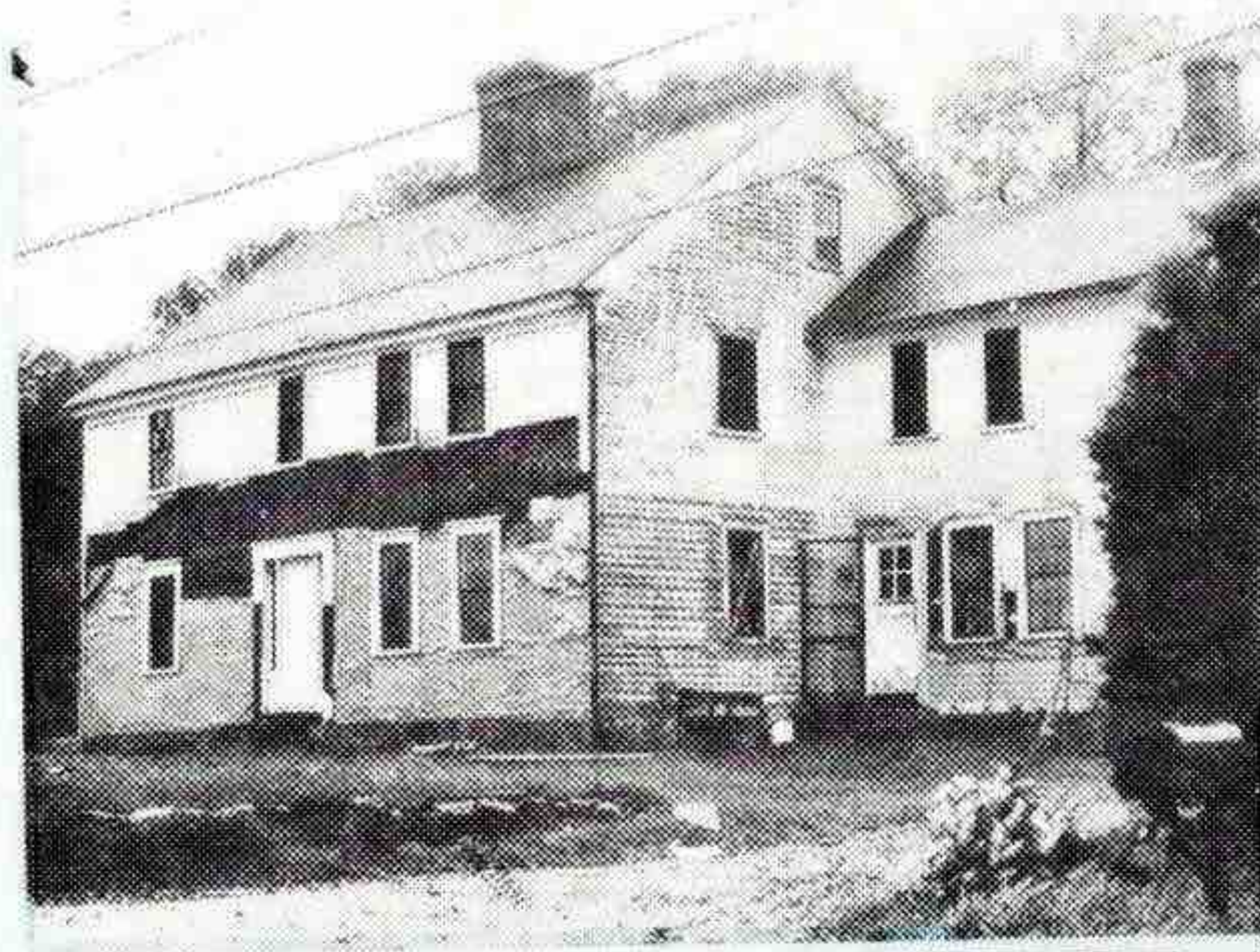

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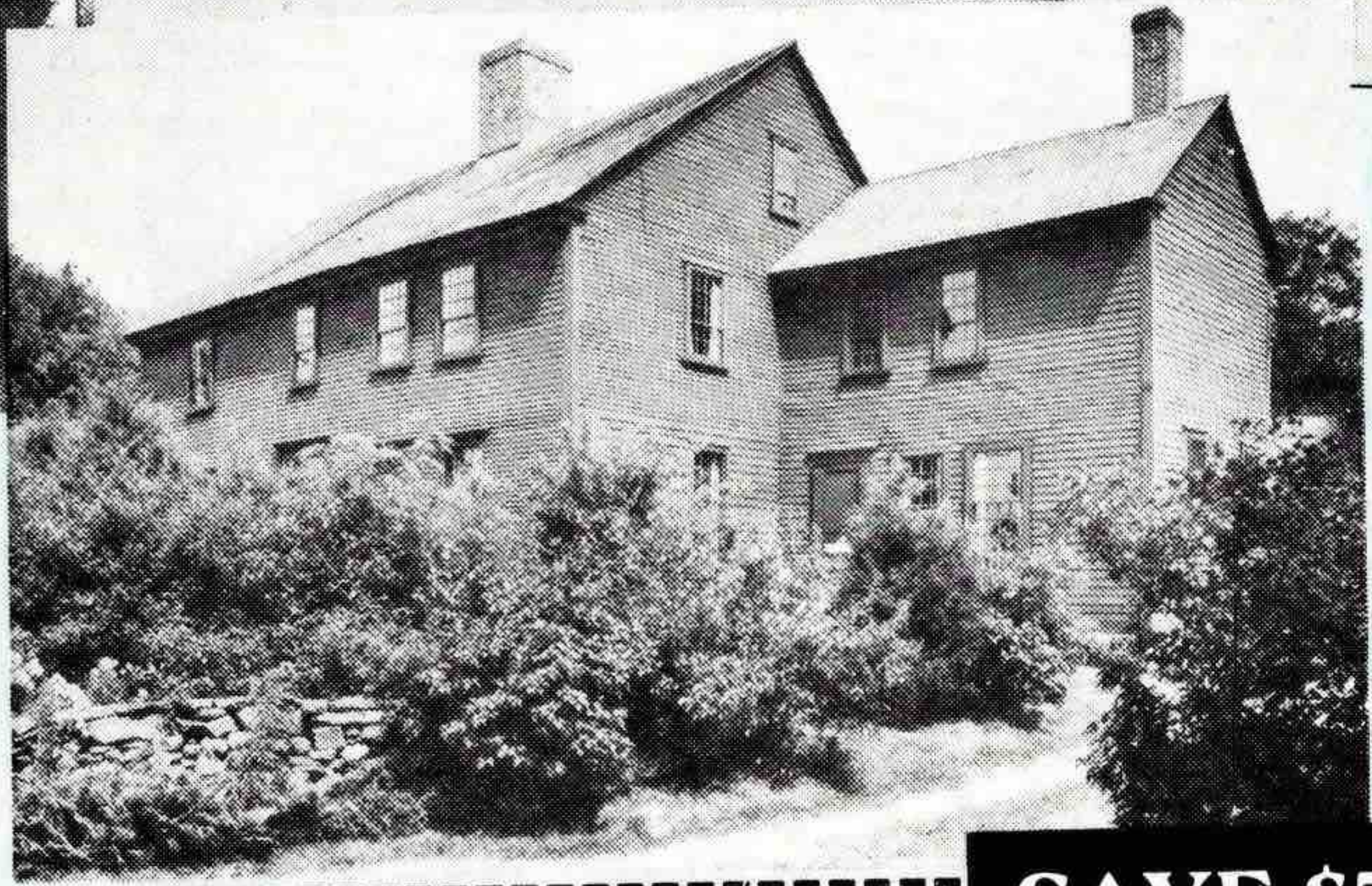

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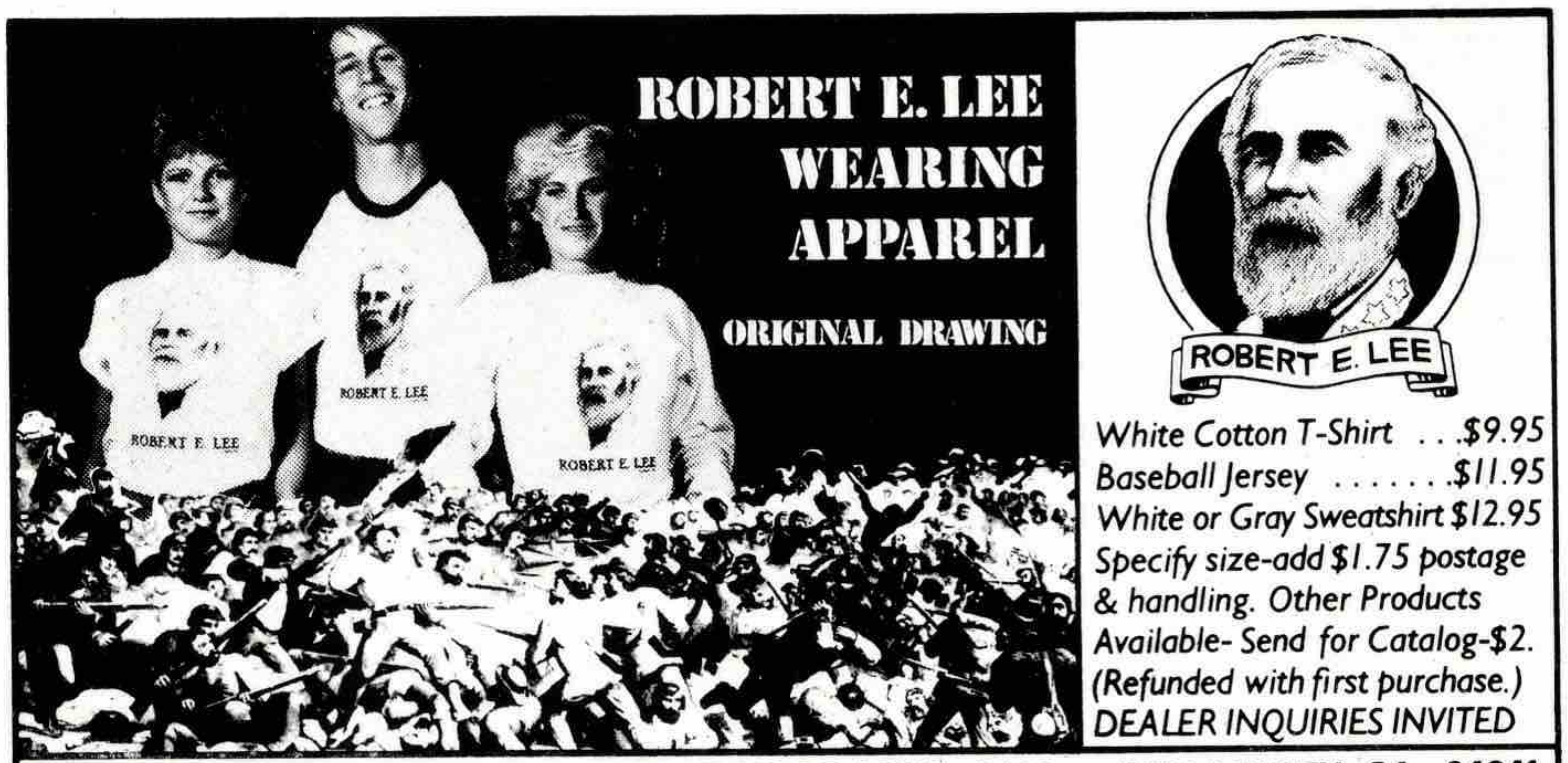

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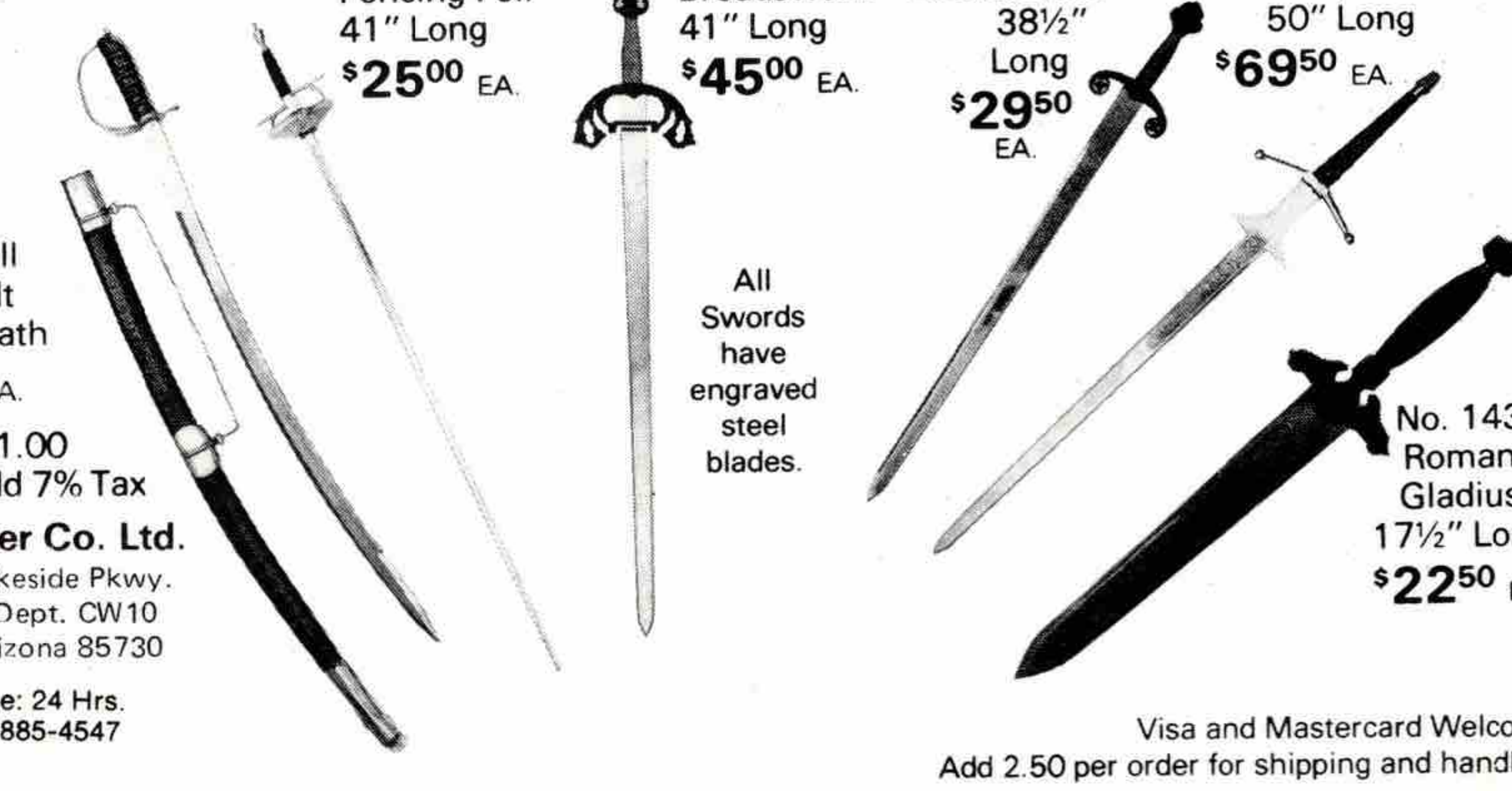

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formation on the family and its background. He has also dropped the 1854–1860 letters that were in the first edition as well as the biographical sketches. The abridged edition is not indexed – an unfortunate deficiency that greatly reduces the usefulness of the book. In partial compensation for these omissions, Myers has included six new letters.

The abridged version is more appropriate for someone wanting just to read an excellent collection of Civil War letters. A reader who wants more detail or who wishes to use the Jones correspondence for research will have to turn to the original edition.

Richard M. McMurry
North Carolina State University

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN: A STUDY IN COMMAND. By Edwin B. Coddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1984. Maps, illus., biblio., notes, index, xiv–866 pp., soft cover. $17.95.

A back cover review quote states that this book "may well come to be regarded as the 'standard work' on the subject." Now, sixteen years after its original publication in 1968, that judgment seems acceptable, especially since the recent death of Dr. Frederick Tilberg, historian emeritus of Gettysburg National Military Park, who leaves uncompleted *his* history of the campaign. One thing is certain: The truly definitive story of Gettysburg has yet to appear, and probably never will.

The key to Dr. Coddington's approach is the second half of the title, borrowed from Douglas Southall Freedman's *Lee's Lieutenants.* Here is a book that states unequivocally – and proves it with dispassionate sifting of facts – that Gettysburg was won by George Gordon Meade because *in that battle* he was the better commander.

Two things in particular should please the serious student. The first is the very practical analysis of the situation of the Army of the Potomac when the fighting ended, a condition that made immediate, all-out pursuit an impossibility (except to armchair experts). And second, there is the admirable chapter assessing the command decisions, the battle action, and the results of the Second Day. Add to these the twelve fine maps, and we have only touched upon the book's excellence. Until something better comes along, this is still *the* book on Gettysburg.

Robert D. Hoffsommer
CWTI

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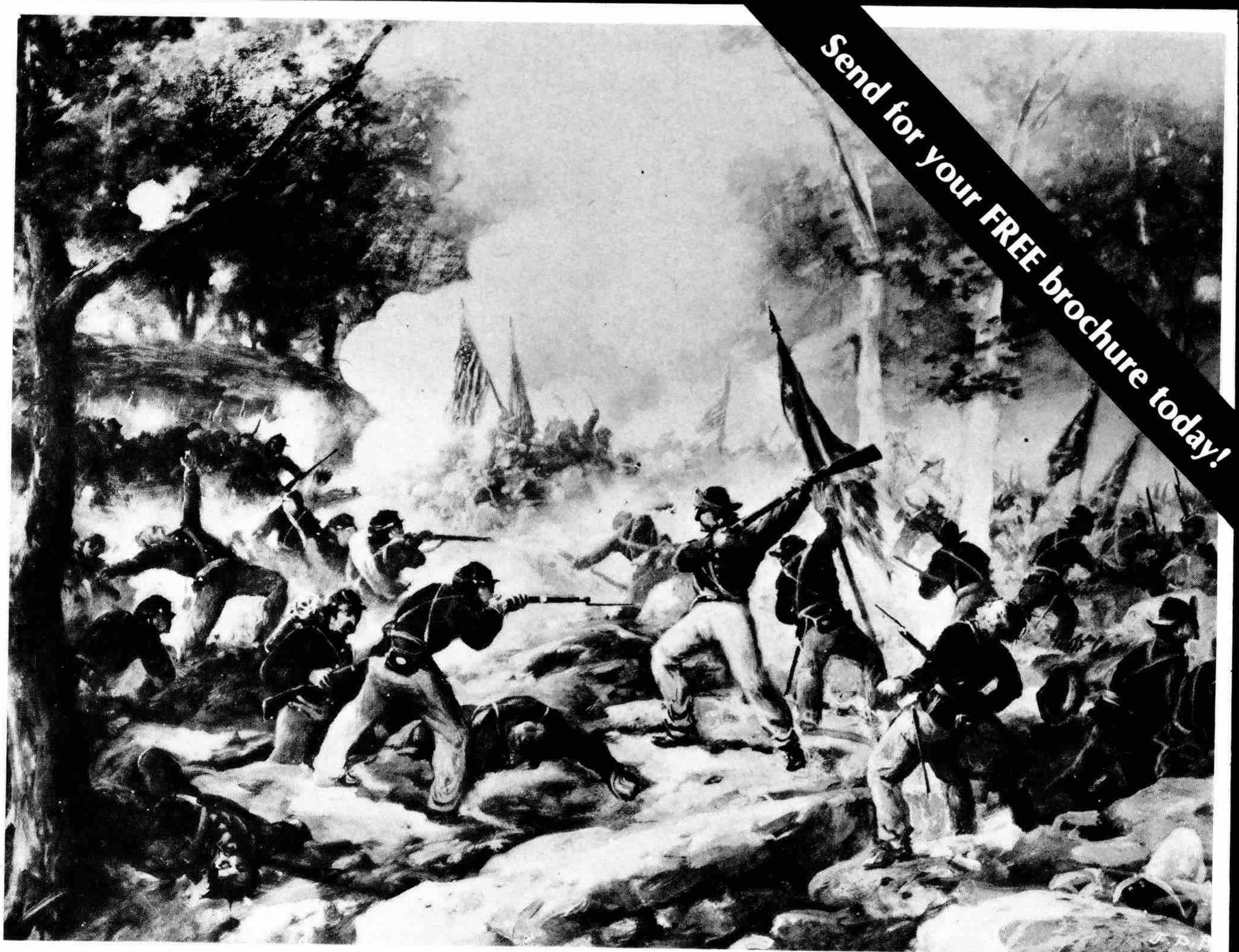
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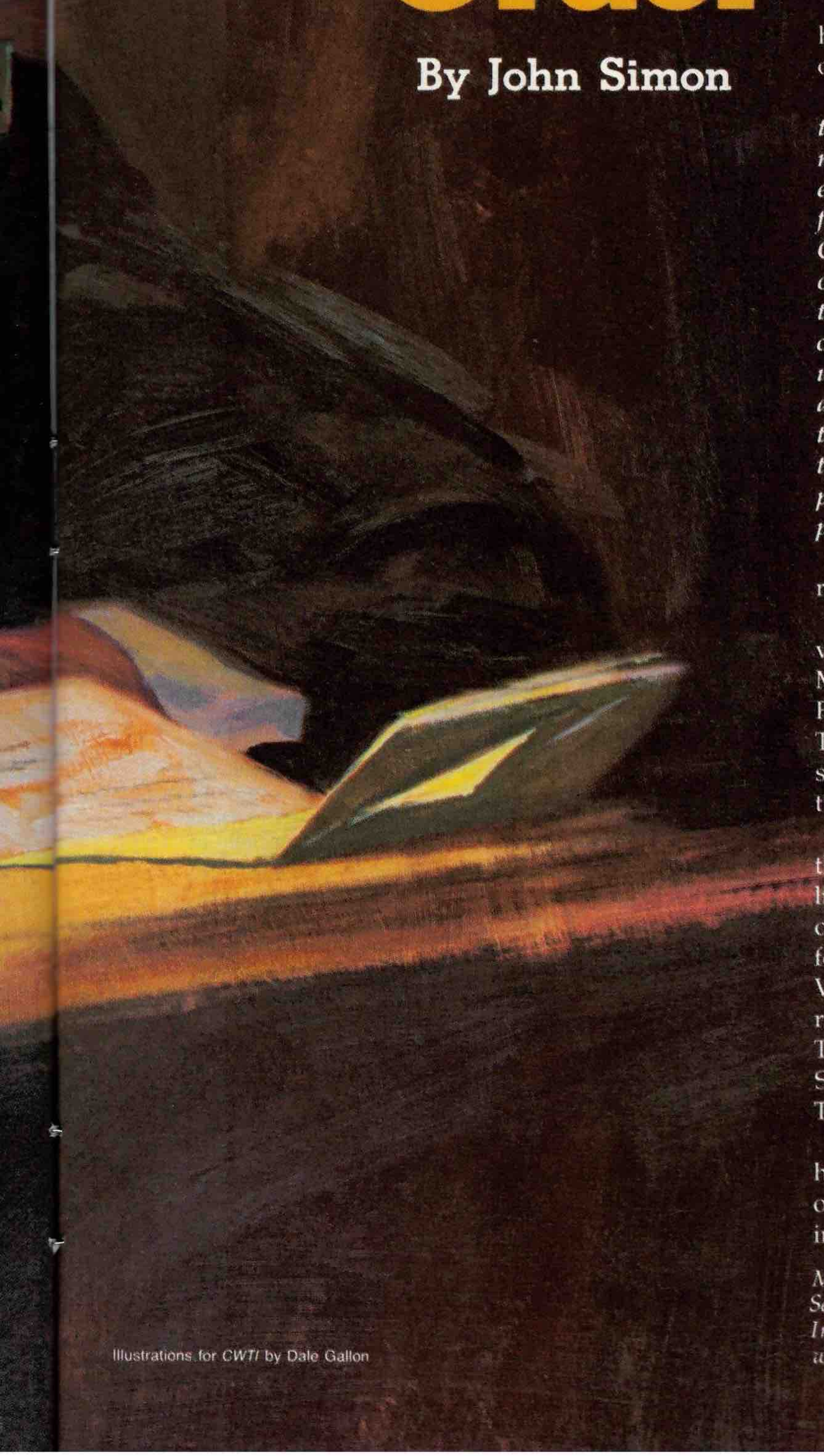
IN 1862 GENERAL GRANT EXPELLED ALL JEWS FROM HIS DEPARTMENT. EVEN TODAY NO ONE KNOWS WHY HE ISSUED

That Obnoxious Order

By John Simon



"That obnoxious order," Julia Dent Grant called it. She disliked *General Orders Number Eleven,* issued by her husband, Major General Ulysses S. Grant, on December 17, 1862. The order read:

I. The Jews, as a class, violating every regulation of trade established by the Treasury Department, and also Department orders, are hereby expelled from the Department. II. Within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this order by Post Commanders, they will see that all of this class of people are furnished with passes and required to leave, and any one returning after such notification, will be arrested and held in confinement until an opportunity occurs of sending them out as prisoners unless furnished with permits from these Head Quarters. III. No permits will be given these people to visit Head Quarters for the purpose of making personal application for trade permits.

Why did Grant issue such an order? This remains a puzzle with only a partial solution.

On the day of the order's issue, Grant advanced into Mississippi along the line of the Mississippi Central Railroad and reached Oxford. From there he instructed Major General William T. Sherman to lead an expedition down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, the ultimate objective of Grant's campaign.

Though he planned a pincer's movement on the Confederate citadel, Grant knew relatively little about the strength of the army before him or of the Vicksburg defenses. Already two Confederate cavalry commanders, Major General Earl Van Dorn and Brigadier General Nathan B. Forrest, were preparing to cut Grant's supply line. They struck three days later – Van Dorn at Holly Springs, Mississippi, Forrest farther north in Tennessee.

On December 17, Grant knew that his army had advanced deep into Mississippi with a tenuous supply line, that enemy forces remained intact and mobile, and that his divided army ran

Major General Ulysses S. Grant ponders an historic and anti-Semitic document, his General Orders Number Eleven. *Inexplicably, he failed to consider some of his subordinates, who happened to be Jewish.*

Illustrations for *CWTI* by Dale Gallon

the risk of fighting the same Confederate forces on separate fields. Given his military anxieties, he could hardly be expected to devote enough thought to matters of trade. But such concerns constantly intruded.

Grant's victory at Fort Donelson, Tennessee, in February 1862 had cracked the Confederate defense line in Tennessee, opening part of the cotton kingdom to Federal occupation, and through the year, as U.S. armies advanced, more of the plantation South came within Federal lines. The outbreak of war had so increased the value of cotton in the North and in Europe that planters continued to grow it, despite the Confederate embargo. By the end of the year, Grant's advance carried him toward the richest plantations, some storing both 1861 and 1862 crops.

A confused and ambivalent U.S. Government policy on trade provided generous loopholes for the enterprising and unscrupulous. When war began, Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase moved immediately to halt the shipping of "munitions of war" to the Confederacy, but not until August 1861 did President Abraham Lincoln give the Treasury authority to regulate trade with insurrectionary regions. Chase believed that trade should follow the flag, and as armies moved southward, Treasury agents gave permits to loyal citizens to resume normal commerce. Such a policy, Chase believed, would reconcile citizens to the Federal government and benefit the Northern economy through the flow of needed Southern products.

What looked sound and sensible from Washington looked disgraceful from army headquarters in Mississippi, where everyone knew how often goods traded by "loyal" persons behind the lines seeped southward to the Confederacy in exchange for cotton. The war had cut off the supply of cotton to New England mills and the world market, multiplying traditional prices. The government expected the army to seize captured and abandoned cotton for sale to benefit the Treasury, thus defraying the staggering cost of war and ending the cotton famine. But as the army advanced, patriotic Confederates burned their cotton, rather than lose their hoards without payment and help the North win the war. Rebels aware of the imminent arrival of the enemy and reluctant to torch their only capital asset did have an alternative. Traders or their agents who slipped through the lines offered gold, weapons, or medicine in return for these doomed bales. Such illegal and unpatriotic practices were lucrative enough to warrant the risk, and speculators who bought the cotton stood to make sufficient profit to enable them to bribe officers and officials to look away or even to assist as they smuggled cotton through the lines. Once through the lines, cotton might pass through different hands on the way to market, and smuggled bales, looking the same as those from occupied regions, defied efforts to trace their origin.

Wartime cotton trade in the Mississippi Valley outraged patriotic Northerners, soldiers and civilians alike. Unscrupulous traders enabled Confederates to fight more effectively by supplying gold and scarce goods, deprived the U.S. Treasury of revenue, and corrupted the military. Officers and journalists frequently blamed this trade on Jews.

When the war began, some 150,000 Jews lived in the United States, about two-thirds of whom, born abroad, had crossed the Atlantic for much the same reasons motivating other recent immigrants from Europe. Like other immigrants, they more often settled in the North than the South, and disproportionately in cities. Whether or not they were disproportionate participants in the wartime cotton trade cannot be determined, but contemporaries wrote as if they were. An 1863 investigation of cotton-buying in the Mississippi Valley involved hundreds of soldiers and civilians, only four of them Jewish. Some ugly remarks about "Jew traders" may have been intended as insults to non-Jewish traders, but nonetheless had the effect of strengthening the impression that Jews dominated the cotton business.

Seeking the roots of this prejudice requires turning to the mass immigration of earlier years. In one decade, 1845–1854, 2,939,000 newcomers, largely from Germany and Ireland, added some 14.5 percent to the population of the United States. Such enormous numbers created social, economic, and political strains on Americans who called themselves natives, a group that always excluded the Indians. The sins of the Irish included voting Democratic and practicing Catholicism, the latter a source of outrage to many Protestants who found difficulty enough in tolerating each other. Between 1834 and the late 1850s, religious rioting erupted in many cities, and some twenty Catholic churches were burned in places ranging from Maine to Texas. Resentment of foreigners and their religions gave rise to political groups of nativists. This reached high tide in the Know-Nothing* surge of 1854 and the American Party of 1856. Before thinking better of it, Grant attended one meeting of a Know-Nothing lodge after his rejection for the post of county engineer in St. Louis in favor of a German immigrant.

Immigration ebbed and the slavery controversy grew as the Civil War approached, but nativism never disappeared. Tensions and animosities from the preceding decade provided tinder awaiting a spark. Ethnic and religious stereotypes remained a staple for newspaper articles. Cotton speculation, a risky and immoral enterprise, would naturally attract Jews and Yankees, some assumed, so the stereotypes and accusations circulated unencumbered.

Before the Civil War, American Jews lacked national organization, and generally those North or South followed regional politics and practices. Rabbis who took stands on slavery usually reflected their location, but one in New York City had defended slavery as sanctioned by the Bible, while another in slaveholding Baltimore acquired a reputation as an Abolitionist.

When war began, Jews enlisted in local regiments much like their fellow citizens. Ultimately, an estimated 10,000 Jewish soldiers served North and South. But, especially in the North, many Jews enlisted in regiments in groups. When Grant issued *General Orders Number Eleven*, the highest ranking Jewish officer in his command, Lieutenant Colonel Marcus M. Spiegel, 120th Ohio, son of a German rabbi, was with his regiment on Sherman's expedition to Vicksburg.

General Orders Number Eleven was not the first major Civil War controversy involving Jews. The Volunteer Act of 1861 required that each

*White Anglo Saxon Protestant reactionaries, colloquially known as Know-Nothings, took several seats in the Congressional elections of 1854. Formally organized as the American Party in 1856, they performed poorly in that year's elections, sympathy for their aims having dwindled.

chaplain be a "regularly ordained minister of some Christian denomination." This language excluded rabbis, but provided the first recognition of the right of Roman Catholic priests to serve as chaplains. Rabbi Arnold Fischel, representing the Board of Delegates of American Israelites, won the support of Lincoln, and after one year the law was amended to read "a regularly ordained minister of some religious denomination."

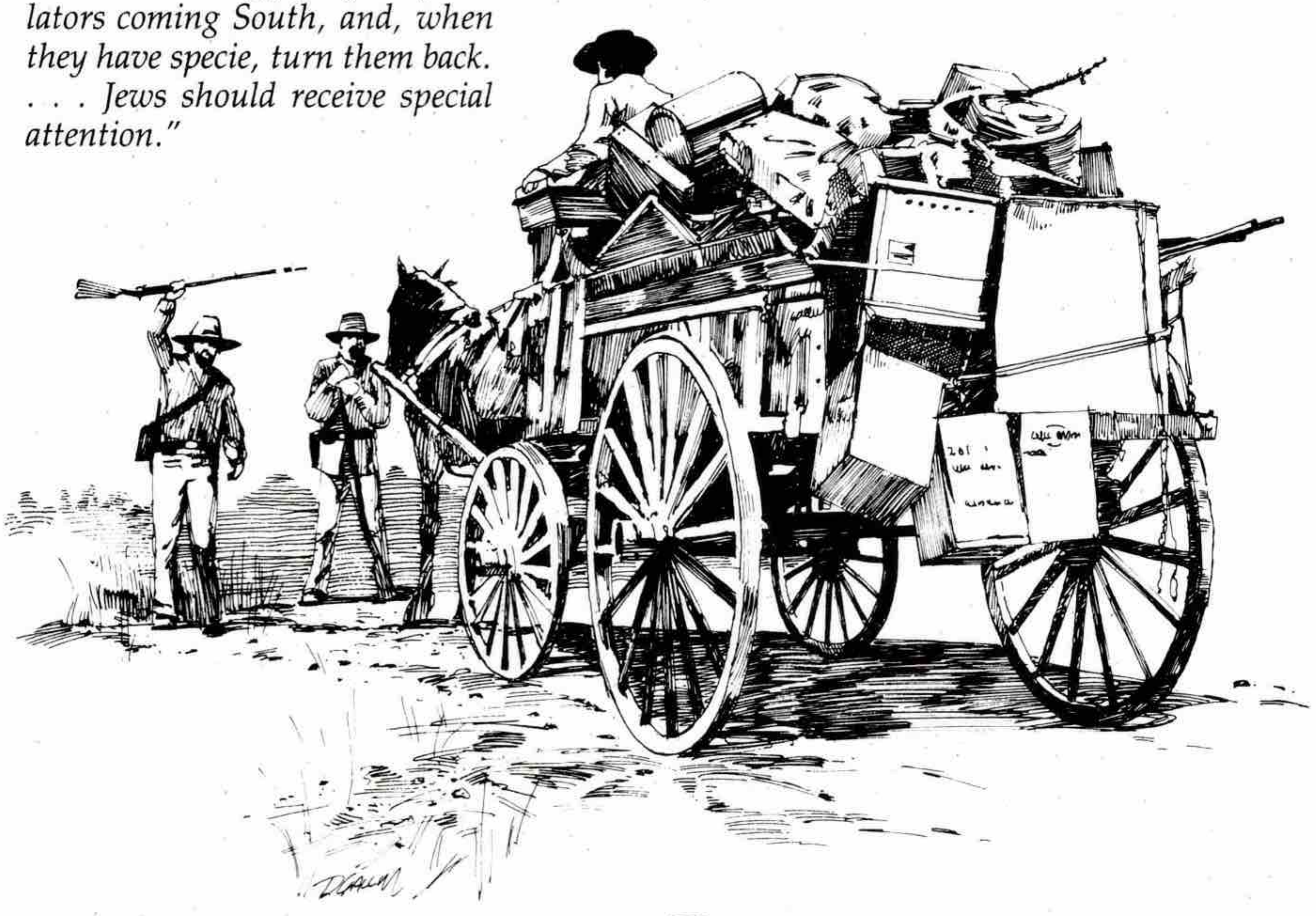
Although Jews were more numerous in the North, they were more prominent in the South, if only because Judah P. Benjamin, former U.S. Senator from Louisiana, held (at various times) three different Cabinet posts in the Confederate Government. Confederates were not, however, immune to the anti-Semitism embodied in Grant's orders. Critics of Benjamin in the South as well as the North constantly harped on his ancestry. Confederates in Thomasville, Georgia, asserting that German Jews passed counterfeit money and raised prices through speculation, demanded their expulsion from Thomasville. [see page 21.] Prejudice pervaded both North and South; Grant hardly invented it.

Grant's imperial Department of the Tennessee stretched from northern Mississippi to Cairo, Illinois, and from the Mississippi River to the Tennessee River. Within this domain, he delegated administrative duties to subordinates while concentrating his attention on the armies moving southward. But he could not ignore the civil problems of his department. Both Grant and Sherman vehemently but fruitlessly protested current trade regulations as fostering fraud and corruption. Constantly vexed by the cotton trade, Grant fell prey to the pervasive anti-Semitism of the day.

On July 26, 1862, Grant telegraphed from Corinth, Mississippi, to his subordinate at Columbus, Kentucky. "Examine the baggage of all speculators coming South, and, when they have specie, turn them back. If medicine and other contraband articles, arrest them and confiscate the contraband articles. Jews should receive special attention." On November 9, he telegraphed to Major General Stephen A. Hurlbut at Memphis: "Refuse all permits to come south of Jackson for the present. The Isrealites especially should be kept out." The following day, Grant instructed his superintendent of military railroads: "Give orders to all the conductors . . . on the road that no Jews are to be permitted to travel on the Rail Road southward from any point[.] They may go north and be encouraged in it but they are such an intolerable nuisance. That the Department must be purged for them[.]" Even so, when Colonel John Van Deusen Du Bois issued orders on December 8 expelling "Cotton-Speculators, Jews and other Vagrants" from Holly Springs, Grant immediately ordered them revoked as violating instructions from Washington encouraging cotton shipping from the South.

Grant's prompt revocation of Du Bois' order makes more puzzling his issuance of similar orders within a few days. The timing suggests that Grant's rage was ignited by the arrival of his father in Mississippi to buy cotton for a Jewish firm in Cincinnati in return for one-quarter of the profits. Jesse R. Grant was no simpleton ensnared by crafty speculators. A shrewd and aggressive businessman, he rose from poverty to affluence through attention to business. A neighbor remembered him as one willing "to follow a dollar to hell."

"Examine the baggage of all speculators coming South, and, when they have specie, turn them back. . . . Jews should receive special attention."

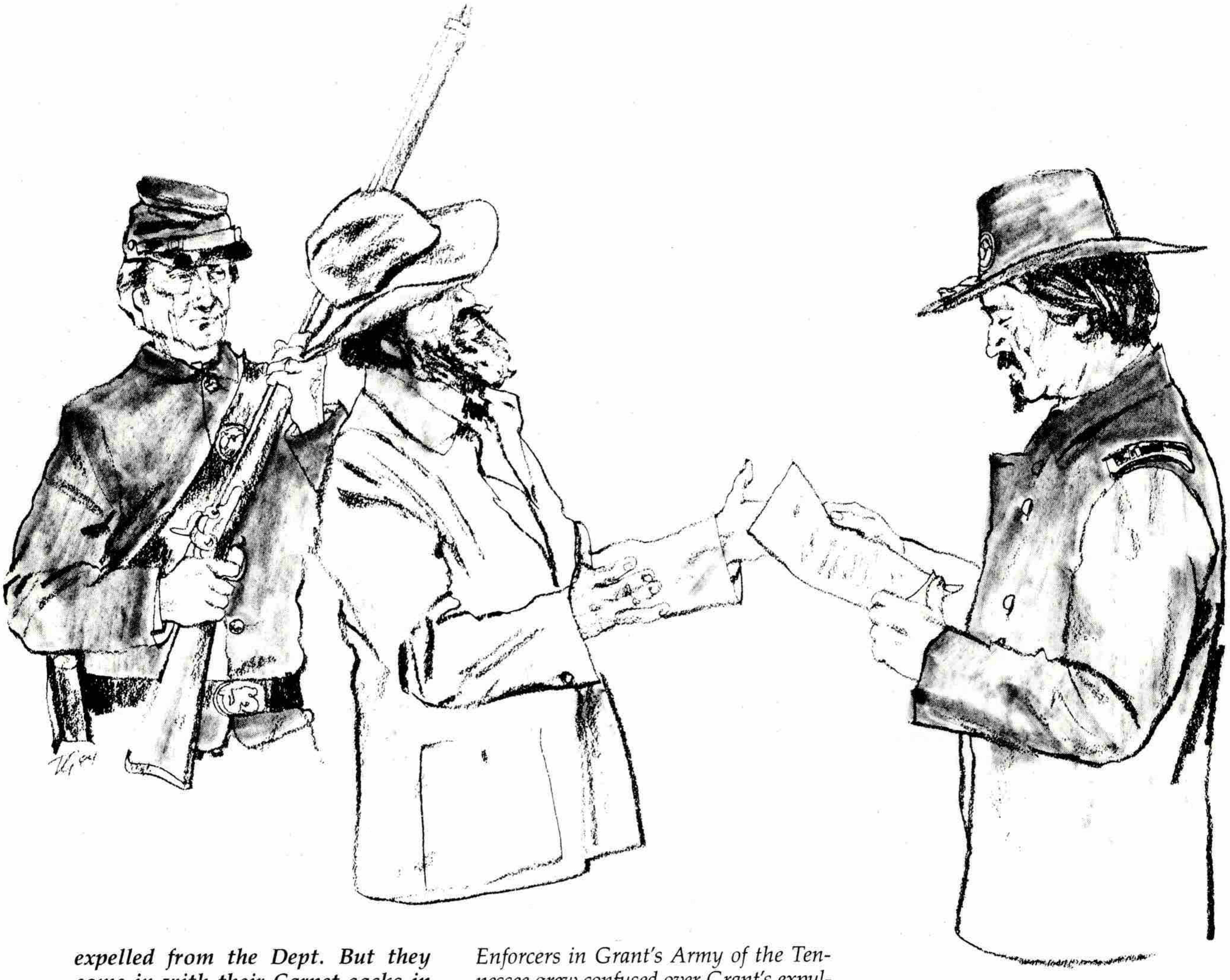


Jesse's relationship with his son was complex. It was the father who had arranged the son's appointment to West Point, but Ulysses said "I won't go." Later, young Grant responded that "he thought I would, *and I thought so too, if he did.*" When Ulysses resigned from the army fifteen years later, his father-in-law rather than his father tried to help him establish a farm, and when necessity eventually drove him to his family's leather store in Galena, Illinois, he worked for a younger brother for a less-than-generous salary.

Jesse's efforts to defend his son in newspapers and to gain military appointments for friends embarrassed the general. But Ulysses never broke with his father, and through his rise to fame during the Civil War frequently wrote to him, apparently seeking his approval. However, Jesse's attempt to use his paternity as a source of cotton profits was the last straw. On the eve of his father's arrival, Ulysses complained of "speculators whose patriotism is measured by dollars & cents. Country has no value with them compared to money." Suddenly he realized that his father fit this condemnation. Ulysses displaced his anger, lashing out at his father's Jewish partners.

Grant's anger appeared even more clearly in a letter written the day the orders were issued, addressed to Assistant Secretary of War Christopher P. Wolcott.

> ***I have long since believed that in spite of all the vigilance that can be infused into Post Commanders that the Specie regulations of the Treasury Dept. have been violated, and that mostly by Jews and other unprincipled traders. So well satisfied of this have I been that I instructed the Commdg Officer at Columbus to refuse all permits to Jews to come south, and frequently have had them***



Enforcers in Grant's Army of the Tennessee grew confused over Grant's expulsion of the entire Jewish population in his department. Did this mean all *Jews, even the "Jewish sutlers, the licensed traders who accompanied regiments?"*

expelled from the Dept. But they come in with their Carpet sacks in spite of all that can be done to prevent it. The Jews seem to be a privileged class that can travel any where. They will land at any wood yard or landing on the river and make their way through the country. If not permitted to buy Cotton themselves they will act as Agents for some one else who will be at a Military post, with a Treasury permit to receive Cotton and pay for it in Treasury notes which the Jew will buy up at an agreed rate, paying gold. There is but one way that I know of to reach this case. That is for Government to buy all the Cotton at a fixed rate and send it to Cairo, St Louis or some other point to be sold. Then all traders, they are a curse to the Army, might be expelled.

Grant's reference in his orders to Jews as a "class" made no sense and created considerable confusion in enforcement. Several officers asked whether the orders applied to Jewish sutlers, the licensed traders who accompanied regiments. At least one Jewish officer resigned. Captain Philip Trounstine, 5th Ohio Cavalry, writing from Moscow, Tennessee, explained that he was "either fortunately or unfortunately born of Jewish parents;" that he owed "filial affection to my parents, Devotion to my Religion, and a deep regard for the opinion of my friends" and could "no longer, bear the taunts and malice, of those to whom my religious opinions are known . . ."

Information about enforcement within the Department of the Tennessee remains hazy, but the orders were zealously enforced at Paducah, Kentucky, where Jews were expelled on twenty-four hour notice. Entire families were driven from their homes. Two women lying ill were exempt; two army veterans were

President Grant Stated: "I Know No Method To Secure The Repeal Of Bad Or Obnoxious Laws So Effective As Their Stringent Execution."

not. In his inaugural address in 1869, President Grant stated: "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution." Nowhere had this been more effectively demonstrated than in Paducah, where Jewish leaders began a protest eventually heard in Washington.

Cesar F. Kaskel of Paducah, barred from telegraphing Grant under terms of the orders, telegraphed to Lincoln instead. Then he proceeded toward Washington, along the way visiting or writing to Jewish leaders to create pressure against the orders. Kaskel headed toward the right man. During the 1850s, Lincoln had flatly rejected any political advantage through harnessing nativism and in 1855 wrote:

> *I am not a Know-Nothing. That is certain. How could I be? How can any one who abhors the oppression of negroes, be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that* **"all men are created equal."** *We now practically read it "all men are created equal,* **except negroes."** *When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read "all men are created equal, except negroes,* **and foreigners, and catholics."** *When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocracy.*

Lincoln apparently knew nothing about Grant's orders until Kaskel arrived. After hearing Kaskel, Lincoln wrote a note—unfortunately lost—to Major General Henry W. Halleck.

In response, on January 4, 1863, Halleck sent Grant a characteristically cautious telegram. "A paper purporting to be a Genl Order No. 11 issued by you Dec 17th had been presented here. By its term it expells all Jews from your Dept. If such an order has been issued, it will be immediately revoked." On the following day, Colonel John C. Kelton in Halleck's office wrote to Grant "Permit me to inform you unofficially the objection taken to your Genl Order No 11. It excluded a whole class, insted of certain obnoxious individuals. Had the word 'pedler' been inserted after Jew I do not suppose any exception would have been taken to the order. Several officers and a number of enlisted men in your Dept are Jews. A Govr of one of the Western states is a Jew." Kelton presumably meant Governor Edward Salomon of Wisconsin, who was a Lutheran.

People of the period knew far more about stereotypes than they knew about Jews. Just how successfully Grant and his subordinates could identify Jews remains problematical; had Grant known more about Jews, he would have remembered those who fought in his army.

Halleck himself wrote to Grant on January 21: "It may be proper to give you some explanation of the revocation of your order expelling all Jews from your Dept. The President has no objection to your expelling traders & Jew pedlars, which I suppose was the object of your order, but as it in terms prescribed an entire religious class, some of whom are fighting in our ranks, the President deemed it necessary to revoke it."

After receiving Halleck's telegram, Grant revoked the orders. Consequently, Congress tabled censure resolutions introduced in the House and Senate. *General Orders Number Eleven* might then have been forgotten. But its author entered politics.

General Orders Number Eleven received more newspaper coverage in 1868 than when it first appeared. After Grant's 1868 presidential nomination, Democratic newspapers revived the issue, encouraging Jewish voters, then usually Republican, to switch party allegiance. Democratic attack inspired Republican counterattack. Had Grant acted on orders from Washington? This thought was first raised in 1863 by Jesse Grant and by newspapers. Accounts of Grant's instructions did contradict one another. However, no documentary evidence existed that would absolve Grant of responsibility.

Had Assistant Secretary of War Wolcott or someone else in Washington expressed the anti-Semitism reflected in *General Orders Number Eleven,* giving Grant a sense of direction when he struck out at cotton traders? It is interesting to note that Grant, though not writing as one obeying orders, explained his actions to Wolcott in his December 17 letter. Wolcott was a man to whom Grant had never before addressed any communication.

Grant partisans tried other postwar political explanations for the embarrassing order, shifting blame to a staff officer or some other subordinate. Grant's other statements concerning Jews remained unpublicized, so this seemed a plausible tactic. But as election fever grew hot, this alibi failed. Grant did not disclaim personal responsibility. Instead, on September 17, 1868, he wrote to his old friend Issac N. Morris, who had forwarded a letter from a concerned Jewish voter.

The general replied:

> *. . . I do not pretend to sustain the order. At the time of its publication I was incensed by a reprimand received from Washington for permitting acts which Jews within my lines were engaged in. There were many other persons within my lines equally bad with the worst of them, but the difference was that the Jews could pass with impunity from one army to the other, and gold, in violation of orders, was being smuggled through the lines at least so it was reported. The order was issued and sent without any reflection and without thinking of the Jews as a sect or race to themselves, but simply as persons who had successfully (I say successfully, instead of persistently, because there were plenty of others within my lines who envied their success,) violated an order, which greatly inured to the help of the rebels. Give Mr. Moses assurance that I have no prejudice against sect or race, but want each individual to be judged by his own merit. Order No. 11 does not sustain this statement, I admit, but then I do not sustain that order. It never would have been issued if it had not been telegraphed the moment it was penned and without reflection.*

Grant's assumption of responsibility, however, did not explain his earlier instructions concerning Jews. His somewhat defensive tone indicates Grant had not yet grasped the magnitude of his offense.

Presidential campaign pressures forced Grant to write something for publication on a topic he did not want to discuss, and through the remainder of his life he chose to maintain public silence about his expulsion of the Jews. The incident received no mention in the two volumes of his *Memoirs,* and even today is better known in American Jewish history than in Civil War history. Grant's wife, however, remembered his speaking of "that obnoxious order" and of the Congressional resolutions which he said were deserved, "as he had no right to make an order against any special sect." ■

TIME-LAPSE

In June 1861 a legion of mountain men from the Blue Ridge of western North Carolina marched out of Buncombe County. They were labeled the "Rough and Ready Guards." Organized at Garysburg, the "Guards" were soon designated to be part of the 4th North Carolina Volunteers, destined that first year for guard duty in Virginia near Suffolk. Among the "Rough and Readys" on the march to the Old Dominion was one Private William Caleb Brown.

A Buncombe County lawyer, Brown enlisted at age 29 and in September received a transfer as the regiment's assistant quartermaster, with a collateral promotion to captain. In November the "Guards" received their official designation as Company F, 14th North Carolina Infantry, and went into winter quarters as part of Brigadier General Raleigh Colston's Brigade at Fort Bee.

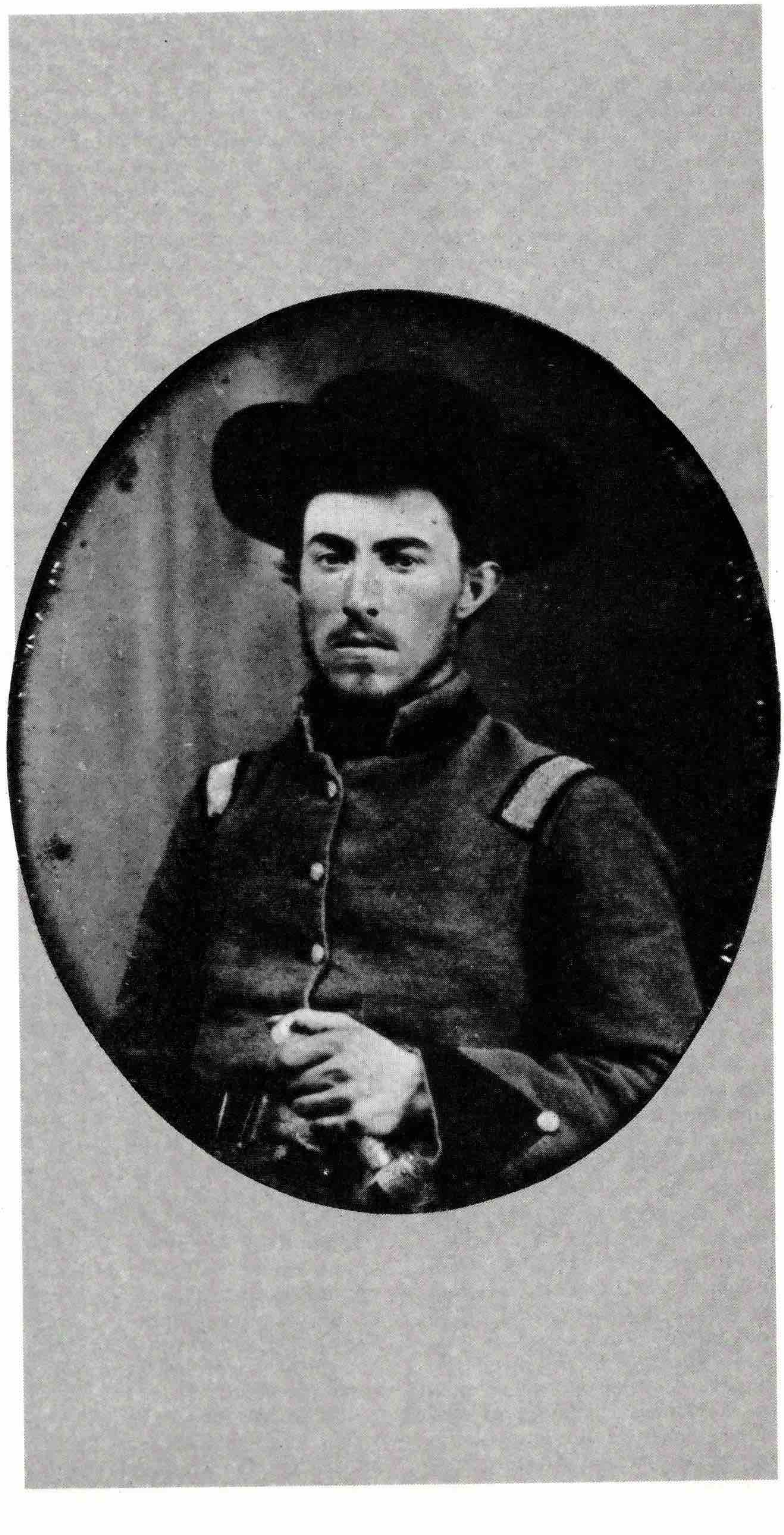
The following spring the brigade moved toward Yorktown and eventually crossed the James River to reinforce Major General John B. Magruder's Yorktown/Warwick Line. In early April the regiment's first fighting came in skirmishes with Federals near Green's Farm at Mulberry Point.

A month later Colston's Brigade served conspicuously in battle at Williamsburg as rear guard of Lieutenant General James Longstreet's Division. At 3:30 p.m., May 5 Colston's men, reinforcing Major General A.P. Hill's Brigade, took control of a redoubt at Fort Magruder and withstood a heavy Federal assault, until Longstreet retired his troops to Richmond.

Throughout May and June the 14th North Carolina took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, and at Cold Harbor, near Powhite Swamp, charged a Federal position with Major General D.H. Hill's Division. But the Battle of Malvern Hill, the last of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, would also be the last for Captain Brown.

Sixty-four percent, or 164,000, of the Confederates who died in the war succumbed to disease. On July 6, 1862 in a Richmond hospital, William Caleb Brown joined their number.

Steve Mullinax
Villa Rica, Georgia



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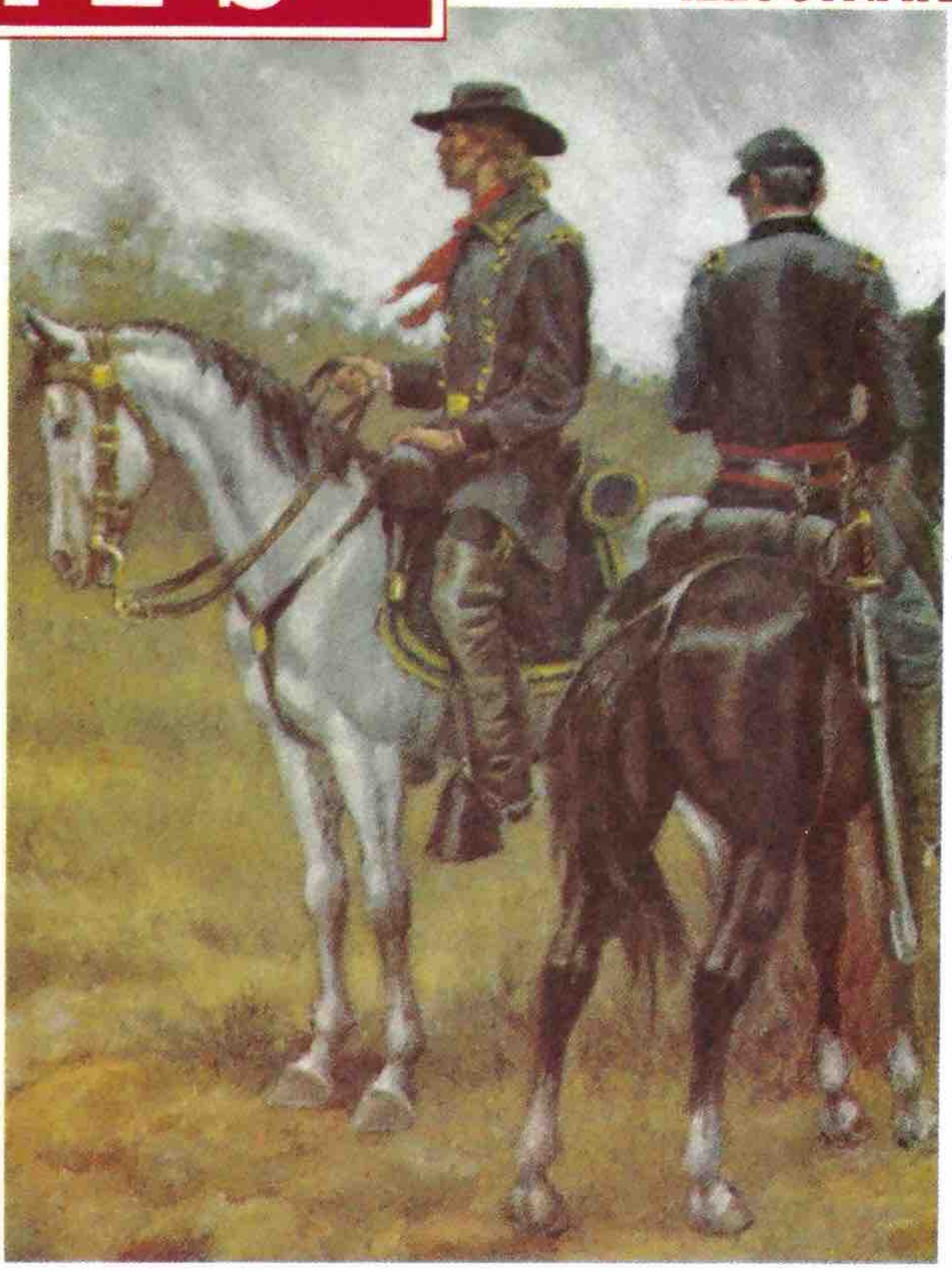

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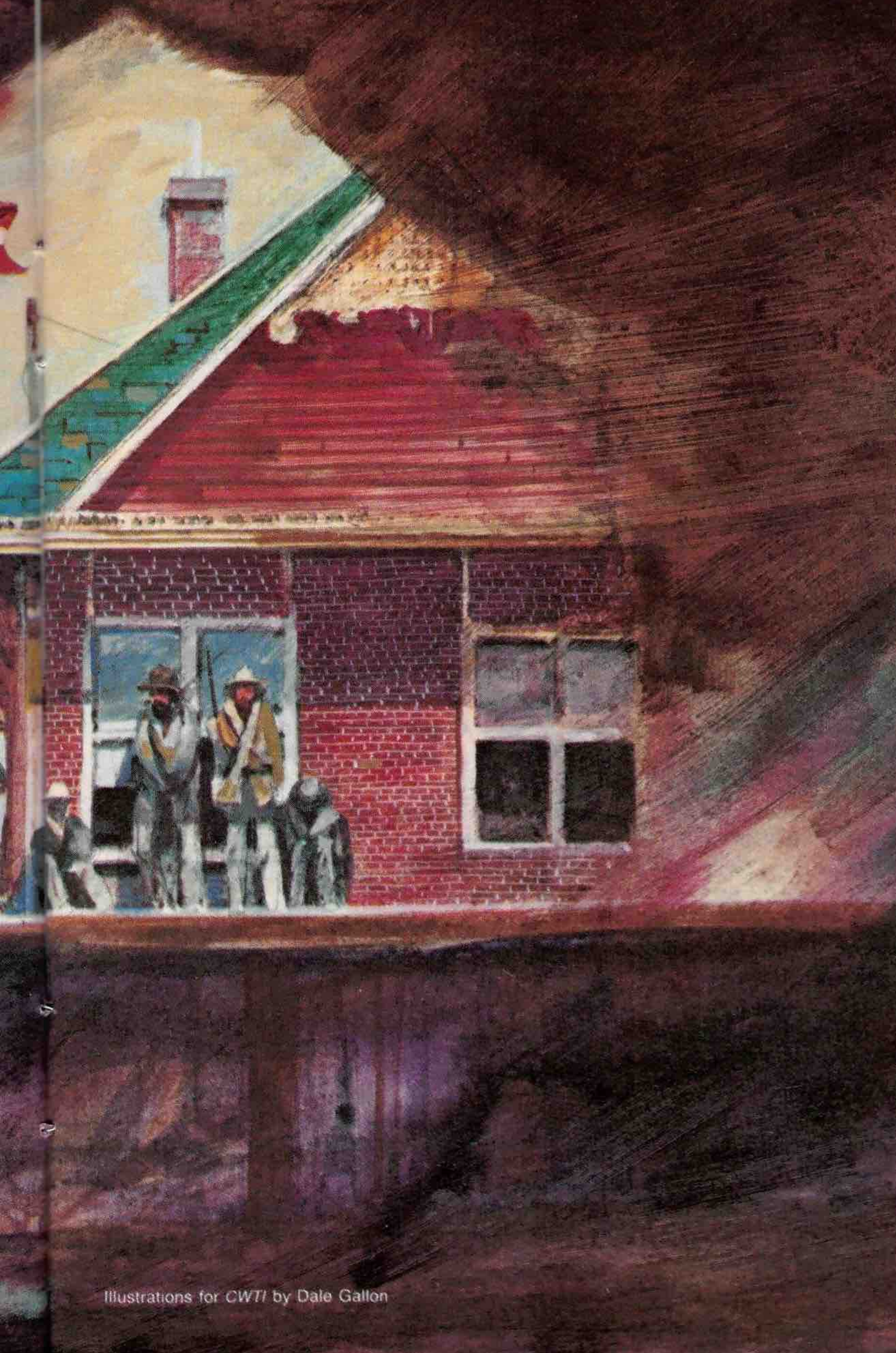
ANTI-SEMITIC UPRISING IN THOMAS COUNTY, GEORGIA

An Act Unbecoming

By Dr. Louis Schmier



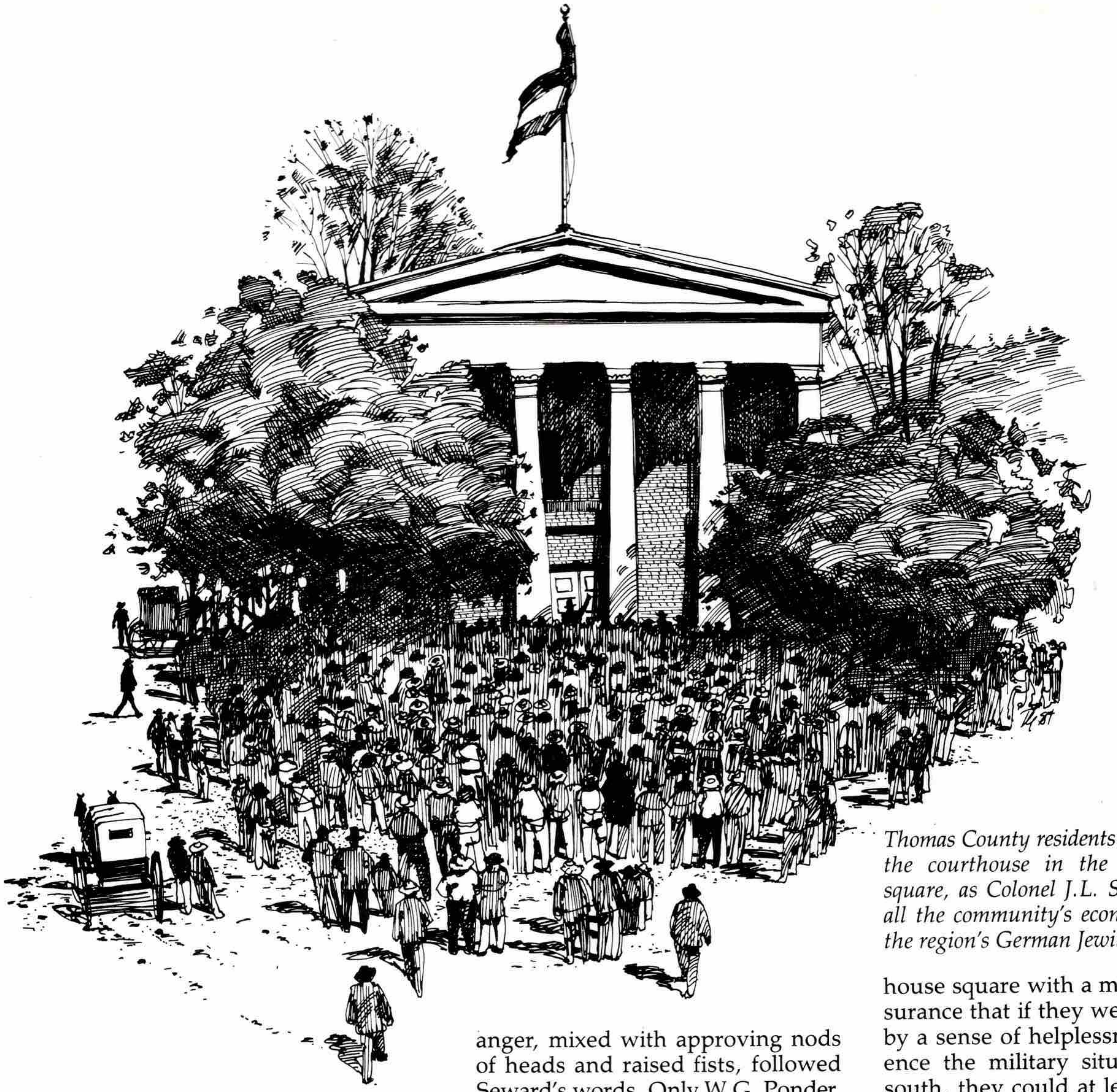
On August 30, 1862, a group of prominent citizens met at the courthouse square in Thomasville, Georgia. The scent of near-hysteria and lynch fever hung heavily in the warm Saturday morning air, as the residents of this south Georgia county milled about. They had gathered to take action against Jews living and peddling in the area, folks they believed who had "no abiding interest or fraternity with us . . . who are not identified, in the strictest sense, with the permanent interests of our soil and institutions." Convinced the Jews could not have any "feeling common with the Confederacy," these citizens were ready to blame them for all dangers threatening the area. From one group after another, clustered waiting for the meeting to be called to order, came epithets such as "predators," "foreign blood-suckers," "Christ-killin' Jews."

The noisy crowd suddenly went still and all faces turned in anticipation toward the courthouse steps as W.G. Ponder gaveled on a makeshift podium and asked for quiet. Colonel J.L. Seward stepped forward to explain the reasons for this gathering. Expressing the fears preying on the people's minds, Seward discussed the movement of the Union armies on the Florida Gulf Coast only 50 miles to the south in what he and the crowd were afraid was a preparation for an attack into the heartland of south Georgia. He went on to paint a black scenario of Union troops moving toward Thomasville, the railhead of the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad connecting inland Georgia with coastal Savannah. They would easily break through the inadequate and ill-prepared Confederate defenses, he said, rouse the slaves against their masters (outnumbered two-to-one), and pillage the area.

His words must have terrified his listeners, because all he or anyone could offer as solace was a small prayer that the Union armies would remain preoccupied in Florida long enough for the state of Georgia to strengthen the area's military defenses. Even more unsettling to the crowd

Given ten days' notice of expulsion and threatened by a Committee of Vigilance, entire families of Thomasville Jews boarded trains for Savannah. As refugees began arriving in the city, "the mood of Savannah's Jewry changed."

Illustrations for CWTI by Dale Gallon



Thomas County residents rallied around the courthouse in the Thomasville square, as Colonel J.L. Seward blamed all the community's economic woes on the region's German Jewish population.

was the danger Seward next described. He discussed unexpected and rapidly rising prices, as well as the increased scarcity of commodities. He did not, however, explain these forboding economic conditions in terms of the consequences of the Federal naval blockade and of an inadequate regional industrial base. His explanation for inflated prices and the ever-growing number of empty store shelves was the traitorous action of both counterfeiters, who were buying local produce with worthless currency, and profiteers who were cornering the local markets and "demanding exorbitant and ruinous prices by which the families of soldiers are likely to suffer, and be reduced to intolerable want. . ."

The emotional intensity of the crowd, already growing with each of Seward's sentences, almost converted it into a rampaging and lawless mob when Seward identified those "engaged in extortions of trade"–the few local German Jewish residents acting in complicity with itinerant Jewish peddlers. Shouts of anger, mixed with approving nods of heads and raised fists, followed Seward's words. Only W.G. Ponder, banging loudly with his gavel and shouting that any steps taken against Jews be a "law-abiding" action, maintained order. Before matters could get out of hand, Ponder accepted a motion that a committee of five men, chaired by Seward, go into the courthouse and draw up resolutions outlining how the situation could be handled suitably by the local citizenry.

The committee returned so quickly with a written document that it must have been written in advance, indicating that the meeting had been staged to insure that the citizens of the county would be convinced of both its need and propriety. After a brief explanation of the document, the crowd unanimously adopted its contents. Upon agreeing that the proceeding of this meeting, as well as the adopted resolutions, would be published in the Thomasville *Weekly Times*, the meeting adjourned. Its participants returned to their homes confident the passage of the resolutions had exorcised the threatening evils. They left the courthouse square with a measure of assurance that if they were frustrated by a sense of helplessness to influence the military situation to the south, they could at least be confident that they were still masters of their own destiny and could take any necessary actions against speculators and counterfeiters in their midst.

In this place and time the image of the Jew as an unscrupulous businessman went largely unchallenged. By accepting the preamble to the resolution, reiterating the themes in Seward's speech, Thomas County citizens seemed to say they accepted that stereotype as truth. The preamble stated Jewish peddlers passed counterfeit money, Jewish merchants mercilessly plundered the community, and that it was every good citizen's duty to arrest these evils. What it did not state, was that many had found what they believed to be proof of disloyalty among Thomas County's Jews. No local Jewish residents belonged to either Confederate volunteer or State militia units. Thomas County Gentiles demanded tangible evidence of an emotional bond with the Confederate cause. Thomas County Jews did not provide them with any. When most other able-bodied men were in government service, to the suspicious, it was impossible to believe anything could prevent Jews from taking advantage of the situation in a manner inconceivable to any loyal Southerner.

Determined to show no quarter to those whose "sole object is to pocket every dollar that can be made by the most unlimited extortion," (as the editor of the Macon *Messenger* would later describe the motives of some Jews) the resolutions agreed to by the residents of Thomas County on that summer day were quite harsh. No German Jews would be allowed in the future to settle in the county. Those German Jews already residents of the county, persons "doing great mischief to our people by their repeated acts of oppression and deception," were given ten days notice of expulsion. If after ten days Jews had not left the county, they would be forcibly expelled. All Jewish peddlers were barred from plying their trade in the county, and if discovered in the county would be given ten days notice to leave. And finally, a Committee of Vigilance of ten, respectable, county residents was empowered to enforce the resolutions.

The issue, however, did not stop at the boundaries of Thomas County. The entire state was in the grip of both an inflationary surge and a counterfeit money panic. Similar meetings were being convened in every major Georgia city. Always there was an unspoken tendency to believe that only the "foreigners" could be the perpetrators. It is, therefore, not surprising that the actions of the citizens of Thomas County struck sympathetic chords elsewhere.

On September 8 in Macon a meeting of local merchants convened to deal with the problem of inflated prices and scarcity of goods. In response to the protest of some leading citizens of the town, the promoters of the gathering took great pains to explain that they had not intended to issue an implied indictment of local Jewish merchants. But on September 10 the Macon *Journal and Messenger* reprinted from the Thomasville *Weekly* the proceeding of the Thomasville meeting, because, as the editor explained in his introductory comment, it was "well worthy of attention – and, perhaps, of action in other communities, where the same circumstances exist . . . our resident community, which bears the burdens of the war, should give their attention – perhaps bestow their action."

If the editor intended that his words incite the residents of Macon to follow the path cut by the citizens of Thomasville, the existence of a viable Jewish community in Macon since the late 1840s, and the long-standing respectability of its members, acted as mitigating factors. Any lingering accusations were quickly stilled by the willingness of Macon's Jews to stand up and vouch for their peddling brethren. Moreover, if the editor of the Macon *Journal and Messenger* wished to raise questions about the loyalty of Jewish residents to the Confederate cause, this, too, was futile. So many of Macon's young Jewish men had volunteered for service that their company in Captain Burghard's German Artillery was nicknamed the "Macon Jewish Company."

The Macon *Journal and Messenger* was not the only Georgia newspaper to reprint the Thomasville resolutions. The Savannah *Daily Morning News* reprinted the article on the front page of its September 12 issue. It appeared exactly as it had in the *Journal and Messenger.* On the evening of the following day, almost the entire Jewish population of Savannah was called out to protest accusations against two Jews of Thomasville, charges they feared were gaining support among local Gentiles and could be leveled at them.

For almost a week after the passage of the Thomasville resolutions, the Jews of Savannah dismissed them as meaningless rhetoric designed to give the citizens of that town some peace of mind. Then some Jewish families arrived in Savannah from Thomasville, families all riding the same train. The mood of Savannah's Jewry changed. No doubt these families departed Thomasville more as a consequence of fear generated by both the Thomasville resolutions and the verbal abuse that followed. There was no indication they had been forcibly placed on the train.

The Jews of Savannah were thrown into confusion. While they could no longer ignore the incident in Thomasville, there was no clear-cut indication of what course of action they should follow. None of the Thomasville Jews had been physically assaulted; none of their stores had been ransacked; none of their houses had been invaded; none of them had been forcibly placed on the train to Savannah. Jews living in Thomasville had fled out of fear of what might happen. The absence of any violence against them was sufficient for many Savannah Jews to argue that any vocal protest would be an over-reaction and only serve to aggravate the situation.

By the second week of September, the attitude of the Jewish community in Savannah began to change from one of confusion and fear to one of indignation. Stories of the experiences of Jewish peddlers who had either tried to sell their wares in Thomas County or had been asked to leave it began circulating in Savannah. Then the Thomasville resolutions appeared in the Savannah *Daily Morning News*. Many Jews were quick to notice that while the editor of the newspaper, W.T. Thompson, had not written an endorsement of either the resolutions or the Macon *Journal and Messenger* editorial comment, neither had he applied himself to a written condemnation of either or both of them. The Jews of Savannah were suspicious that his silence reflected his sympathies with both the action of the Thomasville citizens and the views of the Macon editor.

The September 13 meeting of the Jews in Savannah was a duplicate of the Thomasville meeting in procedure, but not in purpose. The boisterous crowd quieted, as M. Loewenthal called the meeting to order and explained, as if no one in the audience understood, that the gathering was a protest against the "wholesale slander, persecution and denunciation of a people." As soon as Loewenthal had finished making his comments, he accepted a motion for the formation of a Committee of Five to draft resolutions for the crowd to consider.

After a period of time so brief it would have been almost impossible for the members of the committee to have discussed and written a proposed resolution, the committee reappeared with a polished document and recommended its adoption. The preamble was a caustic denunciation of the Thomasville resolutions as being "at war with the spirit of the age – the letter of the constitution – and the principles of religion – and can find no parallel except in the barbarities of the inquisition and the persecution of the dark ages." The subsequent resolutions asserted that "as a class, they (the Jews) are as honest, as true and as faithful as their persecutors and slanderers," that the citizens of Thomas County were "enemies of human liberty and freedom of conscience," and that the Savannah *Daily Morning News* was guilty of "giving currency to this slander and intolerance" and as such was a participant in the "foul wrong" and should be boycotted by every Jew in Savannah.

The editor of the *Daily Morning News* took exception to the accusation hurled at it by the resolution. He argued meekly that his newspaper had reprinted the article as it appeared merely as information for its readers, of events taking place throughout the rest of Georgia. In an equally weak defense, the editor defended his lack of either written condemnation or endorsement of the Thomasville resolutions because he "knew nothing of the circumstances or facts which had induced the action of the people of Thomas County." The editor went on to deny he was trying to promote the cause of the Thomasville citizenry and subtly urged the citizens of Savannah to follow suit by publicizing the event. With tongue-in-cheek tone, use of a poor parallel, and an overstatement of innocence, the editor proclaimed he might as well "be held responsible for every false telegraphic dispatch, or misstatement of facts that may find its way into his news column." And finally, in his defense, the editor tried feebly to go on the offensive by accusing the authors of the Jewish resolutions of "an attempt to interfere with the freedom of the press."

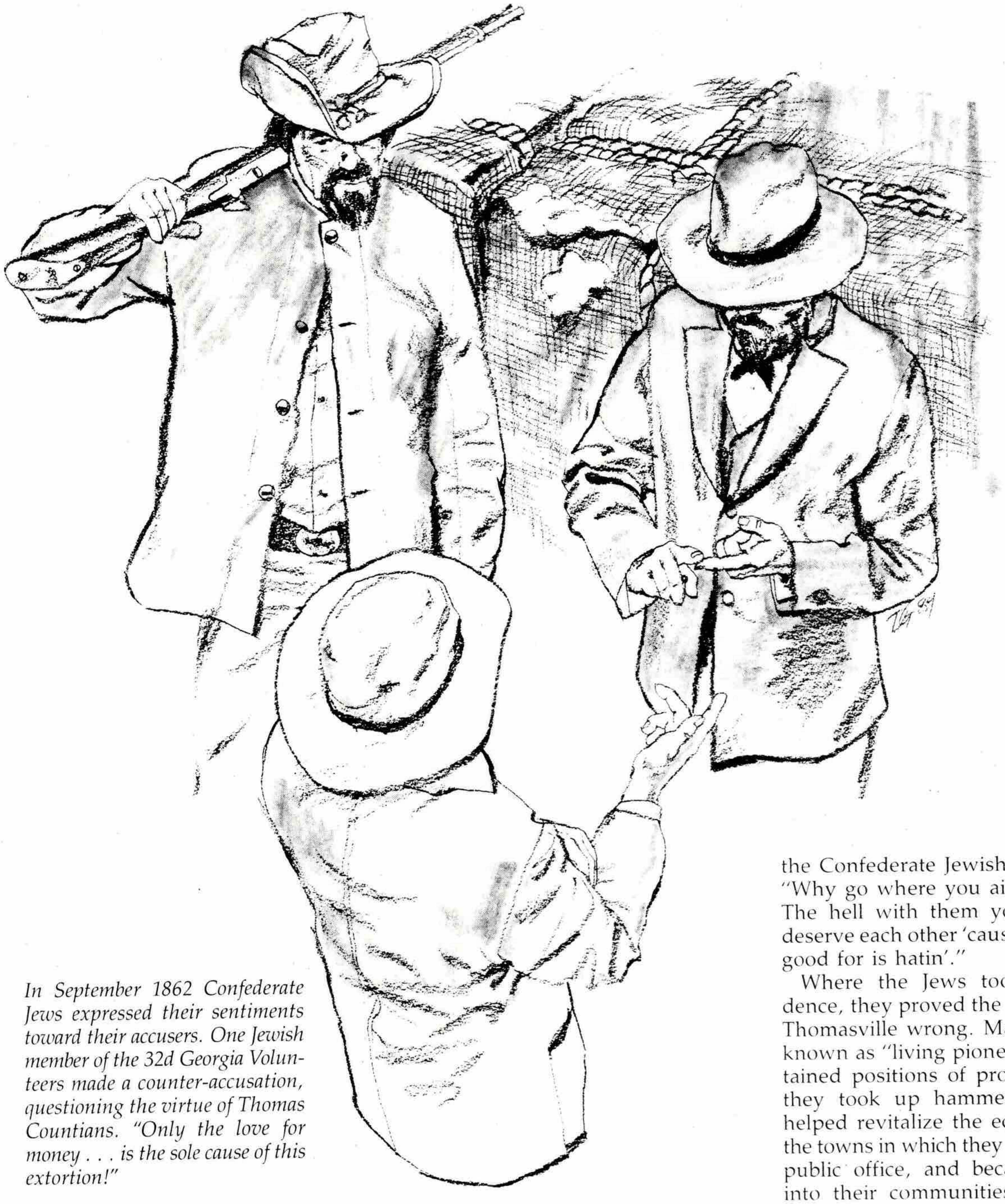
Because the editor's argument lacked both force and credence, controversy and protests continued. The attack by the citizens of Thomasville on the loyalty of south Georgia Jews to the Confederate cause struck a sensitive nerve among the Jewish soldiers in various units stationed around Savannah. One such group of Jewish soldiers, those in the Tatnall Guards, wrote a firey letter to the editor of the Savannah *Republican*. Published on September 17, the bitterness of those Jewish soldiers was apparent in their letter.

The resolutions adopted by that meeting, couched as they are in the language of unqualified and indiscriminate proscription, and striking as they do at the honesty, integrity, patriotism and loyalty of an entire class of the community, betray in illiberality of sentiment, a hostility of feeling and bitterness of prejudice, strangely at variance with the precepts of religion, and which we had scarcely expected even from our worst revilers. . . . But not content with assailing our honesty and integrity in the matter of trade, the resolutions breathe a deeper acrimony, suspect our fidelity and impeach our devotion to the government of our choice. . . . In confirmation of the patriotism and unfaltering devotion and loyalty of these men to the home of their adoption, we would point our revilers to the multitude who have already sacrificed the comforts and ease of civil life, and promptly taken their places at the windings of their country's born among the heroic defenders of the South. Go review the mighty hosts who are struggling to achieve our independence—recount the regiments, battalions and companies who compose the noble armies of the South—and wherever, throughout the limits of our territory, you find them arrayed, there you will behold the representatives of our sect, standing side by side with the gallant sons of the soil, enduring the privations of the camp, the hardships and toils of the march, and the dangers and perils of the battlefield, to win victory for our arms. This is an indisputable fact, which ought to silence forever the clamors of our revilers.

Similar sentiments were echoed by the Jews of the 32d Regiment Georgia Volunteers who were stationed just north of Savannah at Battery Harrison. As an account of the meeting described in the September 20 issue of the Savannah *Republican*, the Jews of this Regiment gathered on September 16 to hear Private Charles Wessolowsky, one of the best educated soldiers in the ranks, address himself to the Thomasville resolutions, the comments of the Macon editor, as well as those of the Savannah editor. Wessolowsky repeated the sentiments uttered by the Jewish citizens of Savannah and by the Jewish members of the Tatnall Guards. In his speech, however, he added one additional comment, a point perhaps closer to the motives of some prominent Thomasville citizens willing to use the Jewish residents and peddlers as scapegoats. "Let us look at the gentlemen from Thomasville who claim nativity to Thomas County," he proclaimed, "and see if they themselves don't partake of this extortion. Behold them coming to market, the one with fowls and the other with eggs; ask their price, and 'two dollars for a pair of chickens and seventy cents for a dozen eggs,' will be the reply." Wessolowsky rhetorically asked if the blockade and subsequent scarcity was the cause of those high prices; or the additional labor required to raise the chickens and pick the eggs in these trying times; or a sense of patriotic zeal and enthusiasm. His answer was straight and to the point: "only the love for money and the knowledge that necessity compels us to buy the same, is the sole cause of this extortion!" He implied Jews were used as scapegoats because they had little influence in the community, making it safer to let them bear the blame rather than accuse one of the local non-Jewish residents of profiteering. Wessolowsky pointed his finger west, in the direction of Thomasville, exclaiming: "ask the gentlemen of Thomasville who are the extortioners, they will push the whole of the crime upon the German Jews and clear their own skirts by asserting their nativity."

Wessolowsky's listeners were mesmerized by his force. One soldier sat awed, thinking for a moment that he had just heard Moses thundering down from the heights of Sinai with admonishments to the Gentiles. Under the same spell, these Jews quickly passed a resolution Wessolowsky had drawn up earlier. It contained a condemnation of the motives of the Thomasville citizenry, a denunciation of the resolutions themselves as "unbecoming and unworthy of gentlemen," and asked that this document be published. In addition, the resolution called for a boycott of Thomas County and a severance of all communication with any of its inhabitants.

The controversy died out quickly as the Confederate Government took steps against the counterfeiters and built up the defenses in south Georgia. Though the issue passed out of the limelight, the memories of those who participated in the protests never faded. In the years following the Civil War, those who supported the Thomasville resolutions did not hesitate to heap upon the shoulders of any Jew who happened to be in the neighborhood the blame for any threat to social stability. They could be heard asserting that Jews were not sympathetic to the South's situation, warning against dealing with any Jews, and proclaiming the readi-



In September 1862 Confederate Jews expressed their sentiments toward their accusers. One Jewish member of the 32d Georgia Volunteers made a counter-accusation, questioning the virtue of Thomas Countians. "Only the love for money . . . is the sole cause of this extortion!"

ness of the Jews to take advantage of the people's postwar plight as they had during the war. Their bigoted voices, however, were barely audible, drowned out by voices of those who rose to the "defense" of the Jews.

Most Georgians felt the privileged Reconstruction position of freed slaves was far more threatening than the presence of a few "socially responsible" Jews. For others, the credentials Jews earned on the battlefield were recommendations of loyalty to the cause of the South. And still for others, the involvement of Jews in rebuilding war-ravaged Georgia continued to provide evidence that they were "worthy of respect."

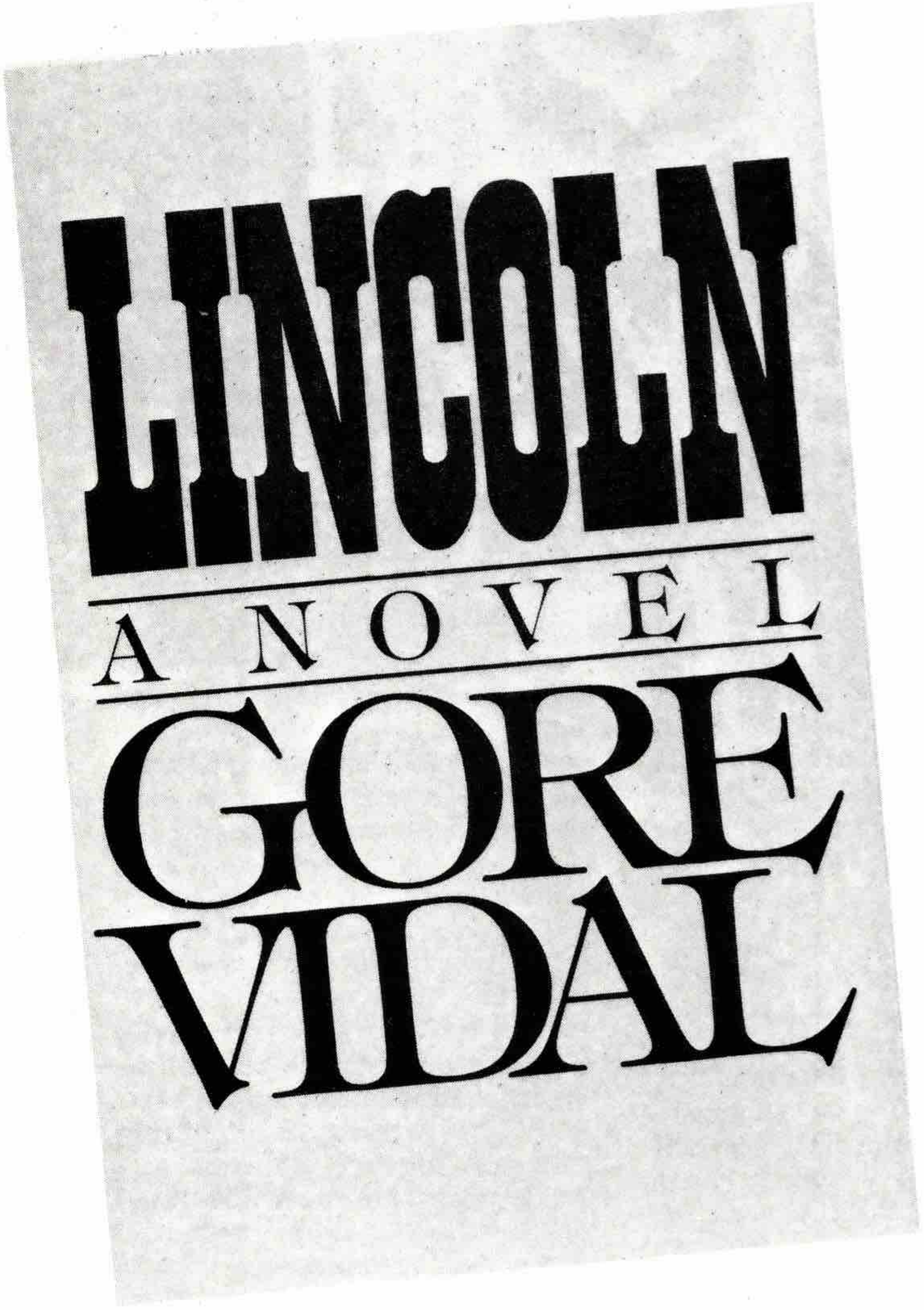
During the years of Reconstruction, Jews who had protested the infamous resolutions could be found in Savannah, Bainbridge, Homerville, Way Station, Albany, Valdosta, Bainbridge, Cordele, Statesboro, and a myriad of small towns throughout central and south Georgia. But, none of them would have anything to do with Thomasville. It was as if they were heeding the call for a boycott issued in Wessolowsky's 1862 resolution of protest. "My father used to say," recalled a daughter of one of the Confederate Jewish protesters, "Why go where you ain't wanted. The hell with them yokels. They deserve each other 'cause all they're good for is hatin'."

Where the Jews took up residence, they proved the residents of Thomasville wrong. Many became known as "living pioneers" and attained positions of prominence as they took up hammer and nail, helped revitalize the economies of the towns in which they settled, held public office, and became woven into their communities' civic and social fabric.

"My daddy never stopped tirin' of saying'," recalled the daughter of another one of the Confederate Jewish protesters, "that the Thomasville thing taught him that there were always those few for who poor talk come natural and who would wake up the beast of hatred as a Jew walked by. But, his experiences before and after the war showed him that most of the Southern people were kindly. And if you weren't careful about how you looked at things you might believe that the South was full of hateful savages. It ain't!" ■

LINCOLN, A NOVELIST, AN EDITOR

A Conversation



GORE VIDAL TALKS ABOUT HIS LATEST WORK

An interview

by John E. Stanchak

Abraham Lincoln, aboard a north-bound train, examined a copy of Edward Everett's projected two-hour speech, a speech to be delivered before Lincoln's address at the 1863 dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Assistant Presidential Secretary John Hay sat beside Lincoln.

"Lincoln had held in one hand a single sheet of White House notepaper on which he had written half of what should be, he said, 'a short, short speech,' dedicating the cemetery. 'You know, I have heard of Everett all my life, and he has always been famous, and yet I never could find out why.'

"'Our greatest orator?'

"'Greater than Clay or Webster?' Lincoln smiled, 'No, he is just famous, that's all. There are people like that in public life. They are there, and no one ever really knows why.'"

In Gore Vidal's current popular novel *Lincoln*, the 16th President never praises other public personalities. He thinks little of Everett's celebrity, the ability of his political rivals Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase or Major General George B. McClellan, or the worth of his predecessors in office. Vidal's Lincoln does not care much for his son Robert. He is condescending, at best, to Black Americans. His old law partner, petty Midwestern hustler Billy Herndon, claims "Honest Abe" once conned a prostitute out of her wares. Herndon suspects that Lincoln, in youth, may have contracted syphillis.

This Lincoln is not the Lincoln shown to generations of school children. This may not be the true Lincoln. But it is the Lincoln perceived by some of his contemporaries. Through their eyes, with his characteristic boldness, Vidal studies our nation's greatest president. And as many reviewers and general readers have found out, in this novel Lincoln comes off very well. What were rumors in Lincoln's day, remain rumors. What were facts, remain facts. In Vidal's *Lincoln*, the man who built the nation we live in today and the man who had many personal mysteries surrounding him are one in the same. He is a Lincoln to be admired.

Gore Vidal has written over twenty novels, plays, and books of essays. As versatile and enigmatic as his current subject, the author of the sex satire *Myra Breckinridge*, the suave TV talk-show guest, the biting political commentator and sometime candidate, Vidal has also written a novel of ancient Rome, *Julian* (1964), and four novels covering the political history of our nation and its capital: *Washington, D.C.* (1967), *Burr* (1973), *1876* (1976), and *Lincoln* (1984). In these last four, a repertory company of fictional characters appears, alternately taking large and small roles in each work: Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, his daughter Emma, Blaise Delacroix, and William de la Touche Clancy. These four American historical works and their characters are a part of a projected six-novel chronicle of our history that will run through the periods of both World Wars.

Vidal's qualifications for writing such a chronicle are highly personal. From an old family with deep political ties, a family familiar with the Chases of Treasury fame, the author was exposed from early youth to our political system. His father was a member of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's cabinet. Eleanor Roosevelt was a neighbor and acquaintance. His grandfather and strong early personal influence, was Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma. During President John F. Kennedy's term of office, Vidal himself was a frequent White House visitor.

Two years ago Vidal wrote an essay for the *Los Angeles Times*. In it he discussed Lincoln, basing his remarks on the recollections of Lincoln's old law partner, Herndon. As magazines such as *American Heritage* have already recently noted, this essay scandalized the historical academic community. Many expected a forthcoming Lincoln novel filled with rumor, an iconoclastic work. Now many are pleasantly surprised. Months on the best-seller lists attest to this.

Historical novels are frequently discussed in *CWTI* and our readers' reactions to them vary widely. To satisfy our readers' and my own curiosity about how these works are researched, and to shed some light on how one of America's most controversial historical novelists goes about his business, I recently contacted Gore Vidal at his home in Rome, Italy. We talked about his *Lincoln*.

Stanchak: You've written many, many books and plays about modern life and modern problems, but for more than a decade you've concentrated on writing about our national past and the history of Washington D.C. What draws you back to historical subjects for your novels?

Vidal: I think I've always been inclined to historical novels, starting with *A Search for the King* in 1950 and *Julian* in '64. I feel at home in the past. It's an enclosed world, which is a useful thing for a writer, unlike the present which is open-ended and more difficult to state . . . to catch in a net. Also, since I've been politically very active I began to get interested in the history of the United States, a subject which bored me to death in school.

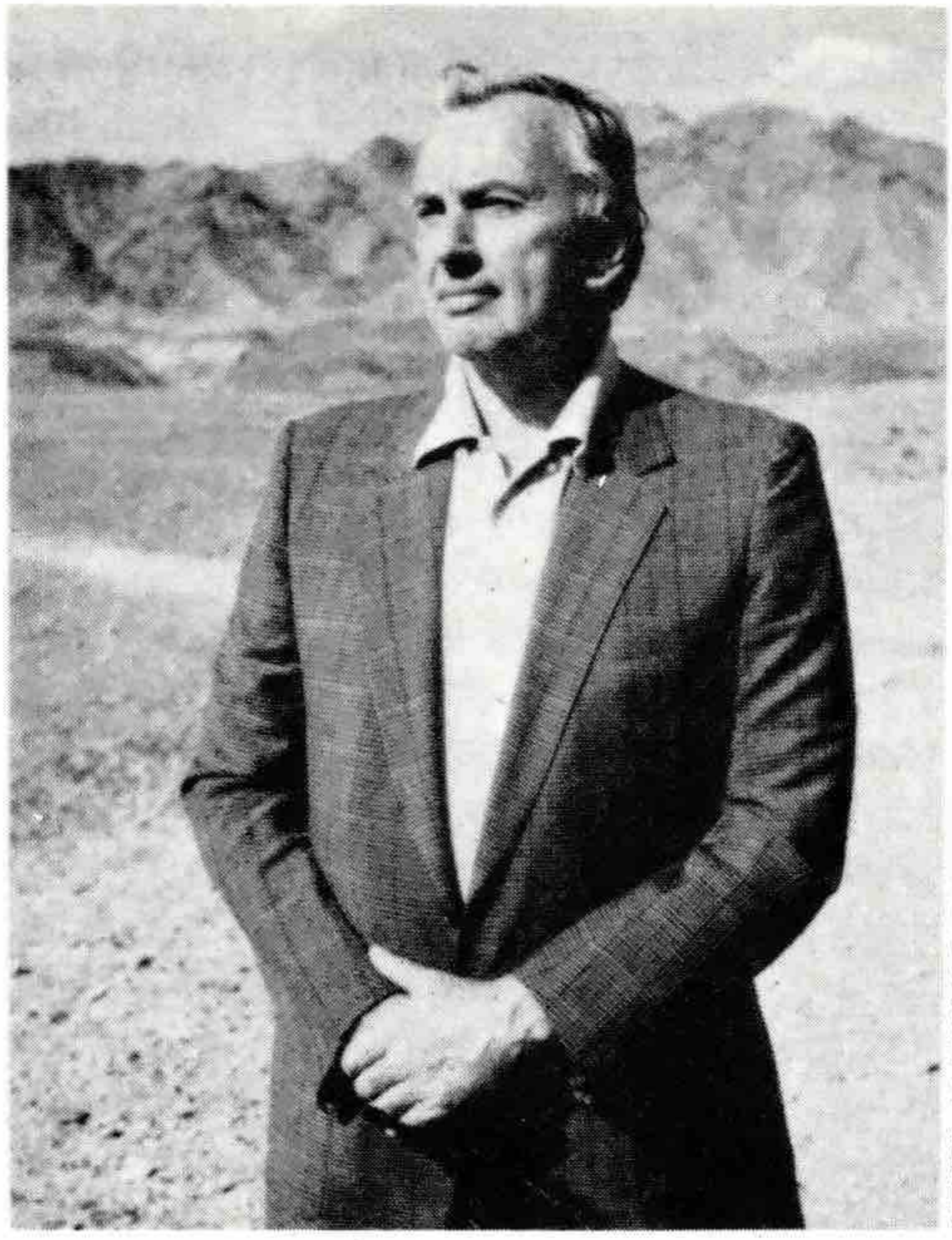


PHOTO: ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

I knew, having come from a political family in Washington that American politics indeed was a very interesting subject. Could the Founding Fathers be just intrinsically more boring than say Franklin Roosevelt and his cabinet? [That group] was my first experience in politics growing up.

I went back and found, indeed, they were very interesting. So I am now beginning to tell the whole history of the United States from the point of view of one family and from varying points of view and voices along the way.

S: Are you referring to the Schulyers, the people who were in your novel *Burr*?

V: Yes, and James Day and Blaise Delacroix, who is the son of Schuyler's daughter Emma. That's what I'm currently working on. The next novel runs from 1898 through 1919, the mopping up in the Philipines through the First World War and League of Nations. That story will connect with *Washington D.C.* Then I'll do one final one, bringing all the threads together, bring it up to date. The pattern is emerging, but heaven knows what it is.

S: We make it up as we go along.

V: I rather suspect it's nothing more sinister and nothing more interesting than our old friend entropy.

S: When did you first settle on Lincoln and his entire term of office as the subject for a novel?

V: Well it was growing on me. I first started out to dramatize the president because I thought it never had been done—done properly. Then as I got more and more intrigued with it and ran into difficulties with dramatization, I decided that it would, with very little effort, fit into my ongoing chronicles.

S: The idea of writing a novel on his [Lincoln's] entire four years in office would seem daunting to a lot of writers. The research itself must have seemed really monumental. Did you receive a lot of help in gathering background for the novel?
V: I do everything myself. I'm also a slow reader and I'm not very good at keeping notes, that is keeping them where I can find them. So it takes me longer than it would take anyone else or someone, let us say, trained in this rude discipline, scholarship. But I do go to all the obvious sources.

S: What sources did you find the most valuable?
V: Well, obviously, day-to-day accounts . . . specifically the diaries of John Hay, Salmon P. Chase and Gideon Welles. These three were watching Lincoln all the time. And though they're not very complete diaries (Chase's is rather sketchy), you could reconstruct a great deal of him [Lincoln] just from those three. Then I go to the old New-York Historical Society Library and look around for local color—things like that. And there are the standard works.

Interesting that there's never been a good biography of Lincoln.

S: You don't believe so?
V: No I don't believe so. I mean many good historians and biographers have done aspects of him or have touched on him but nothing to my mind has ever been done that was satisfactory on the presidency.
S: Drug clerk David Herold and the Surratt family are best remembered as mysterious players in the Lincoln assassination plot. From the beginning of your *Lincoln,* they play important roles.

Now, you acknowledge inventing some background for David Herold. But for the Surratts' background, did you do research in the Maryland record repositories or contact organizations like the Surratt Society?
V: No. I had a researcher at the end, a checker going over everything. First Professor [David] Donald [of Harvard University] went through it—sort of taking the long view of it. Then a very good professional researcher—of the *Atlantic Monthly* actually—I got her to go through every line of the book. She got on to the Surratt Society in Washington, which I had never heard of. At the last minute I must say they were very useful. I was able to include some stuff that I hadn't known, hadn't come across.

I used a lot of that guy, what's his name, Weichman [Louis J. Weichman, a government prosecution witness against John Surratt]. I think that's about the most interesting contemporary account [Weichman's testimony] and [John] Surratt's own writing.
S: You've written three other novels that included Washington, D.C. history. Did your work on these help in researching the city's Civil War social history for *Lincoln*? You seem to have every other bar and brothel and hotel mentioned in the book.
V: I was brought up there. Washington is very clear in my head. Practically all of it is period. There's an enormous amount written on the city—from studies of Willard's Hotel to the dives down by the waterfront.
S: Did you consult first-person accounts for some of the goings-on in these places?
V: Well, over the years you have a whole layer of memory of things said, half-remembered, partially remembered, perhaps got all wrong. But they are part of the residue of your own mind.

The only new material I have on Lincoln (and I don't even know if it's that new, but I haven't seen it anywhere), is his relations with his son Robert—who was a great friend of my grandfather.

My grandfather Senator Gore used to talk to me a lot about Robert Lincoln—including a very funny story about when I think Robert Lincoln was President of Pullman, something like that, around 1910. [Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur and minister to Great Britain under President Harrison, from 1897 to 1911 Robert Lincoln was President of the Pullman Company.] My grandfather came to the Senate in 1907. They saw a good deal of each other. My grandfather got the impression that father and son had not got along very well and Robert was very cold and rather distant.

Anyway, my grandfather had a constituent, a lady from Parker City who said I've got to meet Robert Lincoln. So as good Senator's do, he had her to lunch with Robert Lincoln and she said I'm writing a book about your father President Lincoln.

She said I have absolute proof, you'll be fascinated to know this, that your father was the illegitimate son of John C. Calhoun.

Grandfather said not only did he [Lincoln] say nothing through lunch but I never saw him again. The Lincoln family did touch my own.
S: Next to Lincoln, David Herold, Presidential Secretary John Hay, Secretary of the Treasury Salmon Chase and his daughter Kate, and Secretary of State Seward are the most prominent persons in your story. Which of those did you find the most personally interesting?
V: Oh well, Chase is the most fun. I mean a pure Dickensian Pecksniff of a character. And the marvelous self-righteousness and so on which you could just extrapolate from his own journals and letters. I mean he's just glorious, and with no comic sense at all, which of course makes him a great comic character. He's also kind of a financial genius, which is quite startling when you consider that he was trained for law, politics and I would think basically religion. In an *ad hoc* way he really financed the war and changed the whole financial system of the United States. So after Hamilton, and I suppose Gallatin, he's our great money man. I mean he's a very wildly funny character. And Seward I found very attractive.

I've known people who knew Kate [Chase Sprague]. When I was a kid, they still talked about Mrs. Sprague. She took to drink and died prematurely after having an affair with [Senator] Roscoe Conkling. All this was still reverberating in the air when I was growing up.

S: Well, with all these characters, it really seems that Civil War Washington was a very unfriendly place for the president. Many of the politicians and generals around him in your novel appear to be absolutely dangerous.

Now that you've completed this work, which, if any, of these characters do you think were cause for national fear? McClellan? Chase? Hooker?

V: Well, there was always talk of military coup. But I don't think Lincoln ever lost much sleep over it. He counted on the incompetence of his enemies, which was even greater than his own (he was a pretty bad war manager until he lucked in with Ulysses Grant).

I would say they always thought that if there was a coup it'd come from Radical Republicans–somebody like Ben Wade. Everyone was extremely nervous of him. And Ben Butler. If someone were to put together a plot to kill Lincoln and elevate Andrew Johnson (which I am not about to do because I don't know enough about it and my mind doesn't work in that direction), it would certainly have come from a Radical Republican. There were about five or six of them who would have been quite capable of doing him in. They were real zealots on punishing the South and they knew that Lincoln would be lenient. But we don't know enough.

S: Your Mary Lincoln seems extremely neurotic, possessed by some very private devils. But compared to the brutal way many other authors have dealt with her, you appear to have gained some sympathy or some insight on the woman. How do you see Mary?

V: I see her I think quite realistically. She's extraordinarily brilliant, naturally brilliant, very well educated, for her time and place; read a great deal and quite intelligent, spoke very good French and you know for a lady from Lexington, Kentucky, she had all the graces. But she went mad.

When she died they performed an autopsy in Chicago on her brain. They found deterioration of the brain of the sort which could have been paresis [a paralysis sometimes resulting from syphillis].

I have never been able to get that checked out. I had a doctor from Chicago who was a Lincoln buff, but he was never able to make any headway.

S: You mention in the book that when Mary would see someone, and she was on the edge of a headache, that person would have a corona of light around their head. Were you implying perhaps migraine?

V: No, I was simply trying to show what it would be like to have a headache that would knock you literally out, which her's would do.

S: Migraine sufferers have told me they found this description quite on target.

V: Like migraine, well I think it probably was like migraine. She'd had these before knowing Lincoln, so the idea that it could be syphillis is I think a little remote. The later deterioration of the brain, however, could well be that. [William] Herndon [President Lincoln's former law partner], of course, darkly hints that Lincoln gave it to her–Mary Todd. That could be why three of the four children died prematurely. If Lincoln did think that he had done this to his wife and children, I think he would certainly be a man of enormous melancholy. And also would explain why he put up with Hell from her.

S: Since you've begun your work and your research on Lincoln, have your perceptions on the President changed?

V: No. But the more you study anybody the more aspects you see of them. I think what to me was most interesting about him is the nature of his ambition–and it's very radical nature. He was not content merely to be the first man in the state, he wanted to recreate the state, to be an equivalent of the founder, that i.e. of Parson Weems' Washington.

That was one of the few books, the few biographies he ever read and ever liked and often alluded to. He never mentioned his predecessors and he never praised anyone. Which was quite startling for a politician whose business it is to praise everybody, particularly in their own political line. He never did. There's one vague tribute that he gave when Henry Clay died; Clay was the head of his party. And that extraordinary address which I allude to at the beginning of the book at the young men's lyceum at Springfield where he sort of apostrophizes George Washington but then goes into that extraordinary Ceasarian passage about men who belong to the race of the lion and of the eagle. And when he gets into that you see that he is not going to be contented merely being elected President. One more Buchanan is not what he intends to be. So I see him as the American Bismarck. He took his loose confederation of states and made it into a strongly centralized modern state–at the same time Bismarck was doing it in his country–to the German states.

S: This brings up a good point. You've had other careers and had other ambitions, and you've traveled widely and you maintain a home in Italy. I suppose some people would consider you a world citizen. Abroad, how do people see the Civil War and President Lincoln and your work?

V: Well, it's quite–it's very spotty. The English tend to be rather disdainful of any American history. But they have always had some Civil War buffs there. And there've always been Lincoln admirers, but the book is not yet out so I don't know how it'll go.

The main audience outside the United States for my American Chronicle is the Soviet Union. There *Burr* sold one million copies in a very expensive illustrated hard-cover edition. In 24 hours it sold out. *1876* is coming out there this winter and they expect it to do the same. *Washington, D.C.* did very well there years ago and now they're in fact . . . calling. There are two of their best translators fighting over which one is to get to do *Lincoln*. One did *Burr* and the other did *1876* and there's a power struggle going on. I just got a call from one of them, would I send a telegram saying I wanted him. As I don't know any Russian, I have no idea whom to favor.

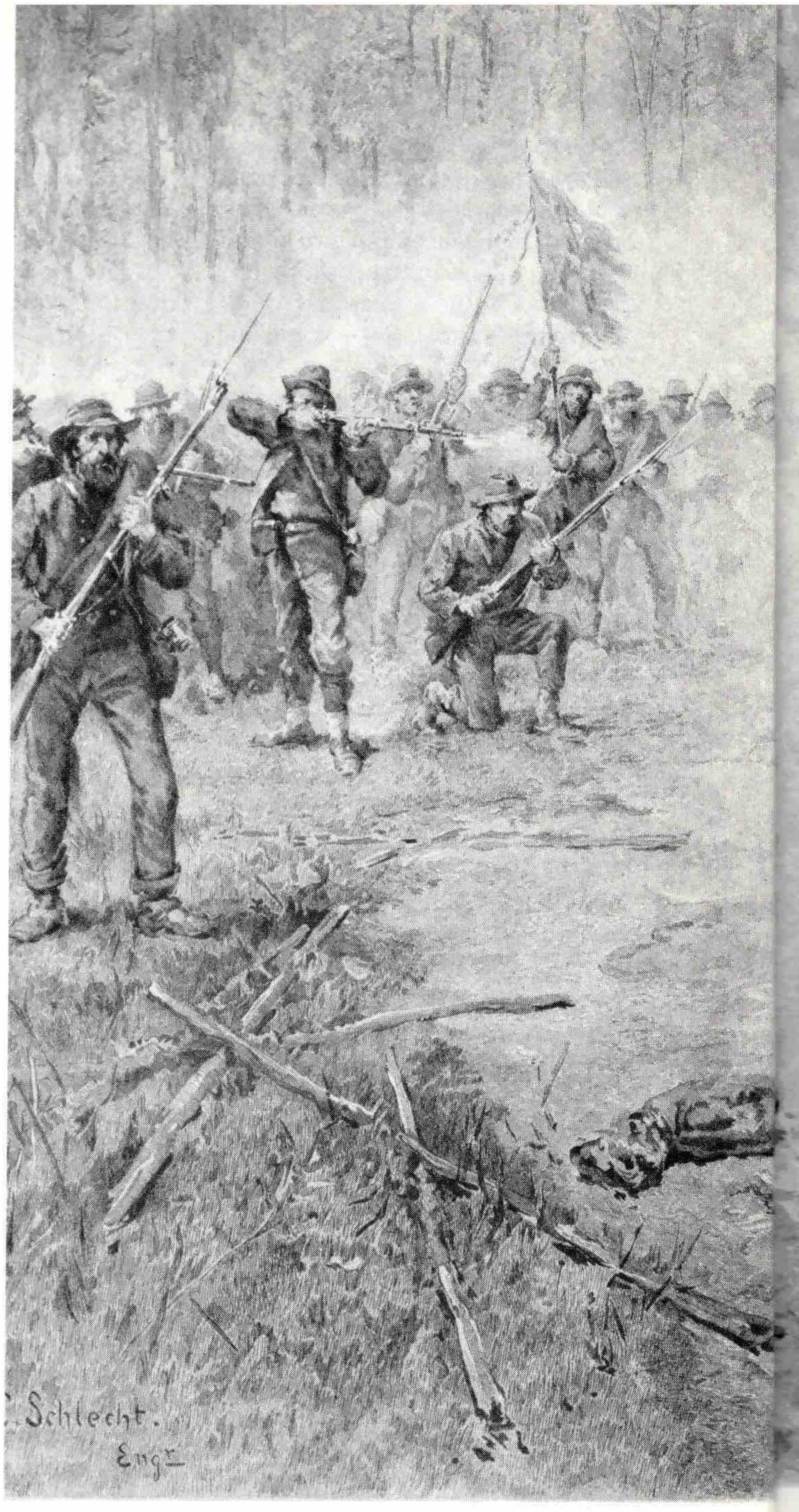
S: Changing the subject slightly, at some point, do you think you would like to go back to the Civil War period? Or once you complete your chronicle, are you going to leave American history and Washington history behind?

V: Well, I don't assume I'll leave it behind. I'm making a shape. I don't quite know what it is, but that's why you make these things. Once you're done you see what you've made, what you've discovered. By the time I've brought this chronicle up to date there'll be a pattern–I don't think it'll be all that startling. I will have worked it out of my system and move on. ▣

He Drew Johnny Reb

A.C. REDWOOD AND THE CONFEDERATE IMAGE

By Stephen Davis



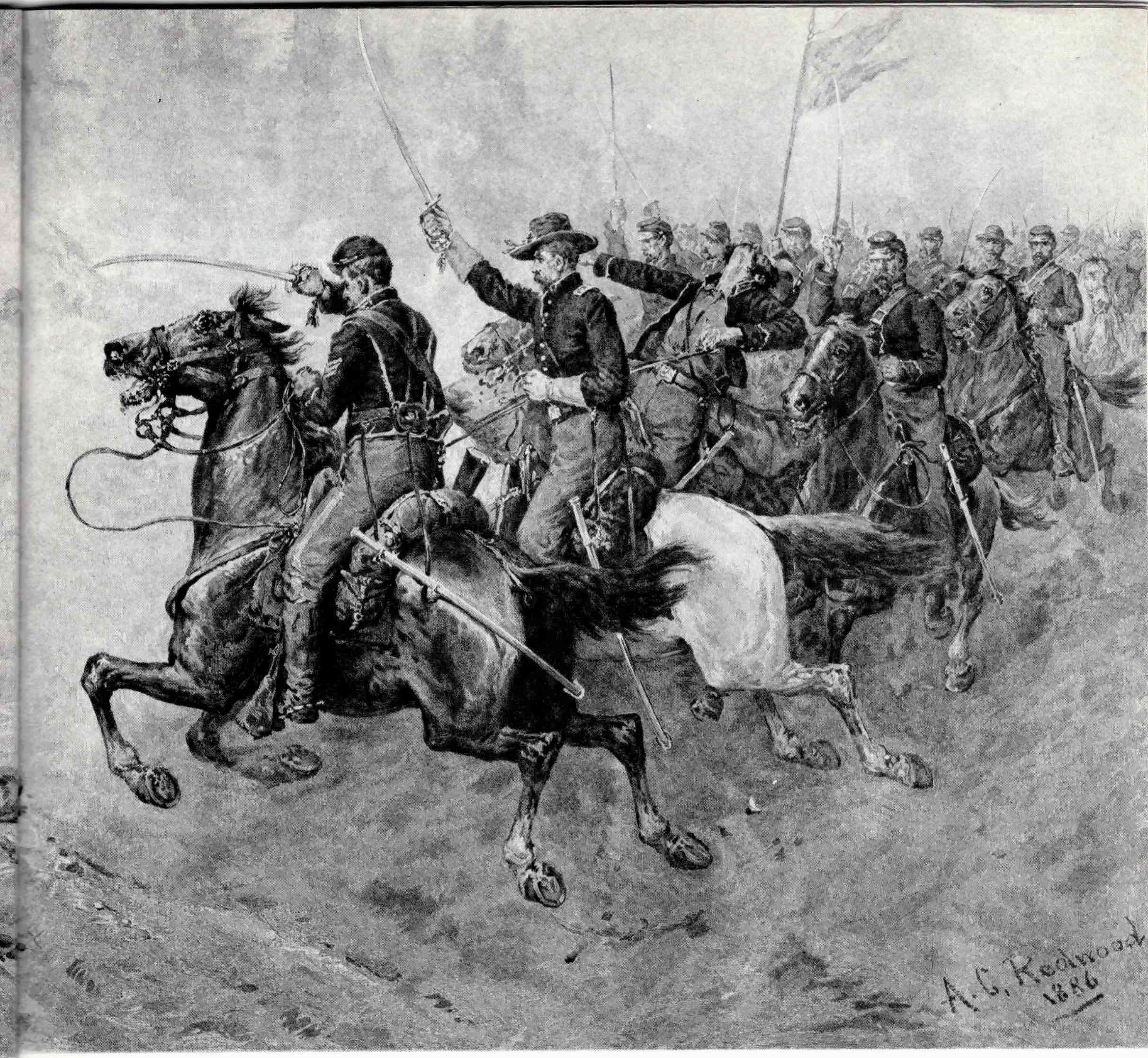
In 1910 former Confederate Brigadier General Bradley Johnson wrote an ex-private in the 1st Maryland Cavalry and paid him a considerable compliment. "You are the best drawer of the Confederate soldier who has ever lived," he scrawled.

Johnson may have exaggerated. But he recognized former private Allen Christian Redwood's prominence as a memorialist for that common Confederate soldier, "Johnny Reb." A talented illustrator and capable writer, Redwood turned out accurate, realistic artwork and popular articles for national magazines, imprinting the picture of Johnny Reb on postwar America's imagination. Although William L. Sheppard, another fine artist and ex-Confederate, is equally well-remembered, it was Redwood who endowed the average Southern soldier with a warm vitality, a sturdy heroism, and a reputation as the toughest of American soldiers, an image still revered. It was Redwood who created the Confederate we all know today.

Redwood was born June 19, 1844, at "Prospect Hill," his grandfather's plantation in Lancaster County, Virginia, and received schooling at several Baltimore, Maryland academies. In 1860 he accompanied his father to Brooklyn, New York, where he attended Polytechnic Institute. By this time young Redwood had begun studying art as a hobby, but whether or not he received any formal training is unknown. These endeavors were interrupted by news of the firing on Fort Sumter, news which prompted Redwood's return to Virginia.

On July 24, 1861, soon after his seventeenth birthday, Redwood enlisted as private in the "Middlesex Southrons," at Urbanna, Virginia, just across the Rappahannock River from Lancaster County. The company had been founded years before, so when the war started it not only possessed an *esprit* but an appropriate uniform, with caps bearing the letters "M.S." (The initials soon provoked jokes, though, about the wearers as "more sheep" or as tipplers of a favorite drink, "mint sling.") For months the Southrons' main duty was watching the Rappahannock for enemy vessels. During this idleness, disturbed only by heady reports of Confederate victories elsewhere, the company boldly talked of boarding a blockader and sailing up the Chesapeake Bay to join in the final defeat of the Yankees. Having just returned from the North, however, Redwood tried to persuade his comrades that the enemy would be tougher to whip. Years later he still

All art courtesy of the Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Virginia and the author

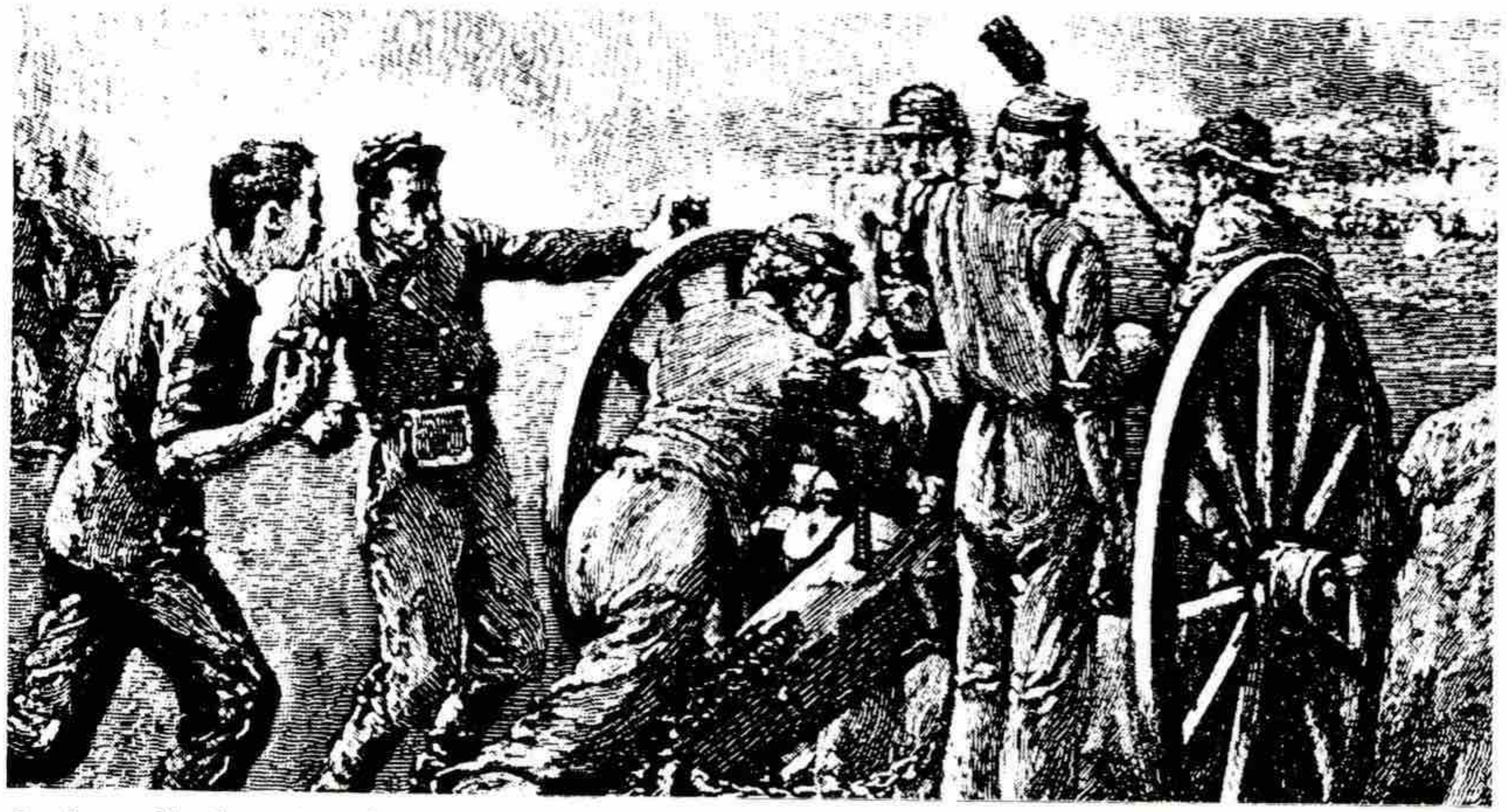


"Sheridan's Cavalry Charge" by Redwood. Using his own horse in early 1864 he was transferred to the cavalry, only to have his steed shot from under him on May 27 while battling against Sheridan at Pollard's Farm, Virginia.

recalled the derision with which his fellow soldiers met his observations.

In September the Southrons became Company C of the 55th Virginia. Camp life brought considerable drill and much boredom. Only once did a steamer come upriver to shell the outpost; the sole casualty was a rabbit. Afterward, the bored soldiers adopted the pastime of hunting and digging up enemy shell fragments.

This leisurely duty ended in spring 1862 when Major General George B. McClellan's Union army advanced up the Virginia Peninsula. The 55th Virginia became part of Brigadier General Charles Field's brigade in Lieutenant General A.P. Hill's Light Division, and participated in the Seven Days' Battles. In his first combat at Mechanicsville, June 26, Redwood suffered a slight contusion from a shell fragment. A month later Hill's division joined Lieutenant General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's corps in the effort to suppress Union Major General John Pope, the Second Manassas Campaign. Redwood's unit arrived too late for the campaign's August 9 Battle of Cedar Mountain. Redwood began experiencing the chills and aches of a fever contracted in the Chickahominy lowlands. Then Jackson began his famous march to Manassas Junction. Fevered, Redwood was unable to keep pace. He fell behind repeatedly, but caught up in time to participate in feasting at Pope's captured Manas-



Redwood's drawing for Battles and Leaders, *"The Washington Artillery on Marye's Hill Firing Upon the Union Columns Forming for the Assault." The famous battalion defended the heights in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.*

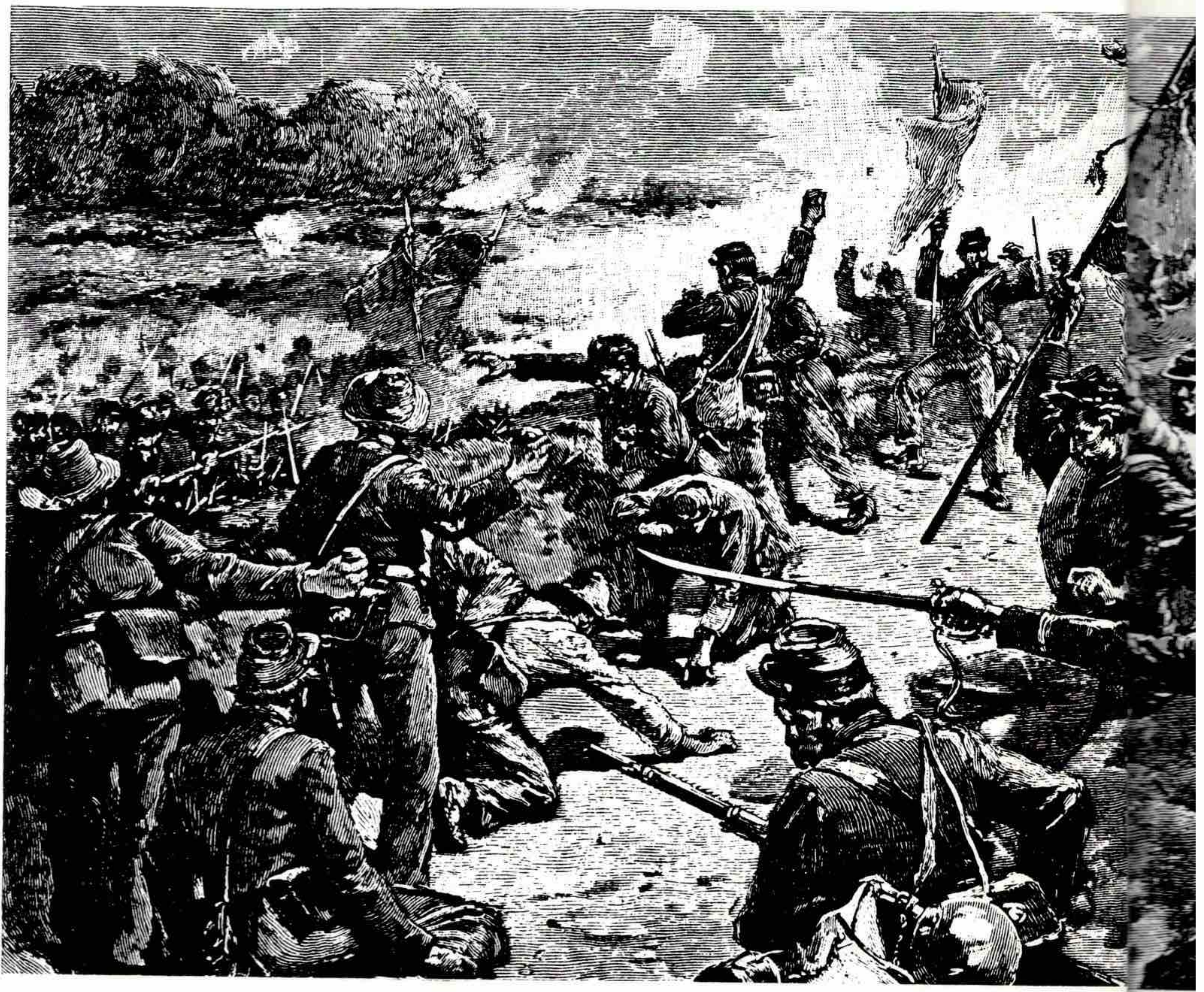
sas Junction supply depot Amid the plunder Redwood's most memorable find was a set of new underwear and a pot of French mustard, en route from a loving family to a major in the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

When marching orders came, Redwood packed his booty, musket, and cartridges in an ambulance and followed Jackson's columns to Centreville and the Manassas battleground, just over 25 miles outside Washington, D.C. Along the way he lost contact with his regiment and even lost his equipment. So on August 29, he spent the first day of the Second Battle of Manassas with a Louisiana battalion, guarding a battery near Sudley Church, Virginia. That night Redwood set out to find his regiment, but strayed into enemy pickets. The next day he spent being herded with other prisoners coming in from the fight. Marched to Alexandria, on September 1 he found himself aboard a transport to Federal Fort Monroe. Within a week, though, he got his parole and returned to Richmond.

Because of his fever Redwood was granted medical furlough and allowed to stay at a private home in the Confederate capital. He therefore missed the Antietam Campaign, returning to duty on September 26, 1862, after his regiment had marched away to Maryland. The following December, Redwood started duty in the Commissary Department as sergeant major. The rank was officially conferred on March 1, 1863, but in mid-April Redwood resigned in favor of returning to his company. He was present at the Battle of Chancellorsville, where the 55th suffered heavily during Jackson's attack upon Union Major General Joseph Hooker's flank. On May 2, the regiment lost more than a third of its 300 men, and by the next morning had a lieutenant in command. Throughout that fight he escaped serious injury, though a shell stunned him in the heavy fighting of that evening.

Weeks passed. At Gettysburg Redwood's 55th Virginia, as part of Brockenbrough's brigade, joined in the fierce combat on July 1 around the stone barn of the McPherson Farm. Redwood also participated in Pickett's Charge on July 3, and there was struck in the right elbow by a rifle ball. Once back in Virginia, he took forty days' furlough to recover.

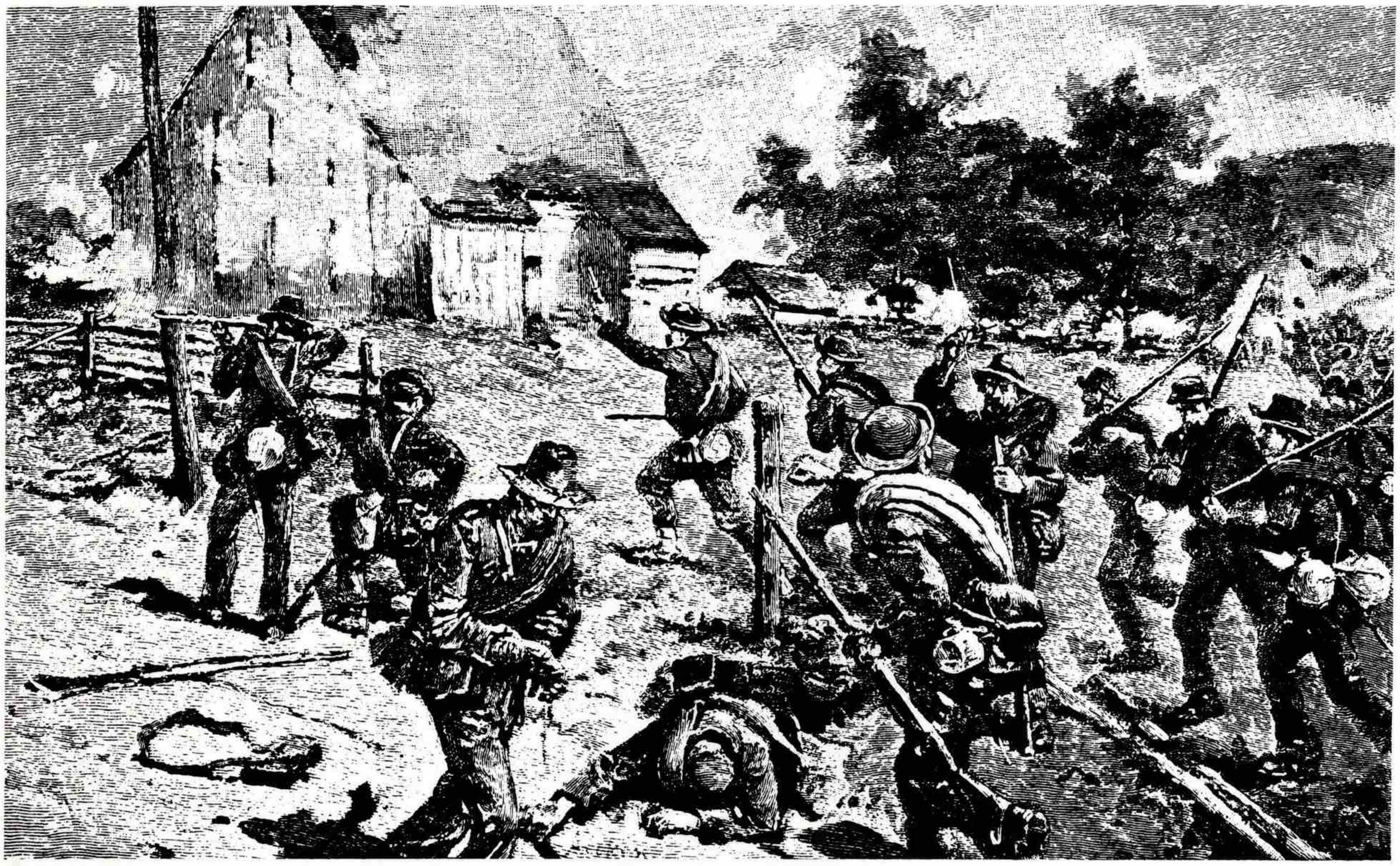
Wounded three times and captured once, Redwood may well have wished to try his luck in another branch of the service. Whatever the case, on January 12, 1864 he was transferred to Company C of the 1st Maryland Cavalry. After going home to get a horse, Redwood joined the battalion under Colonel Bradley Johnson, on picket duty near Hanover Junction north of Richmond. Within a month the Federal's Kilpatrick-Dahlgren raid against the capital city threw the Marylanders into action. By luck some of Johnson's men intercepted a vital message from Dahlgren to Kilpatrick, thus preventing coordination of the two Union columns and contributing significantly to their defeat [see "The Dahlgren Papers" in November 1983 *CWTI*]. In the months following, the Marylanders kept busy against Major General Philip Sheridan's forays, and Redwood had a horse shot beneath him at Pollard's Farm on May 27. The battalion then transferred to the Shenandoah Valley and joined in Lieutenant General Jubal Early's sortie against Washington. Thereafter Redwood participated in all the contests of the Valley Campaign of 1864.

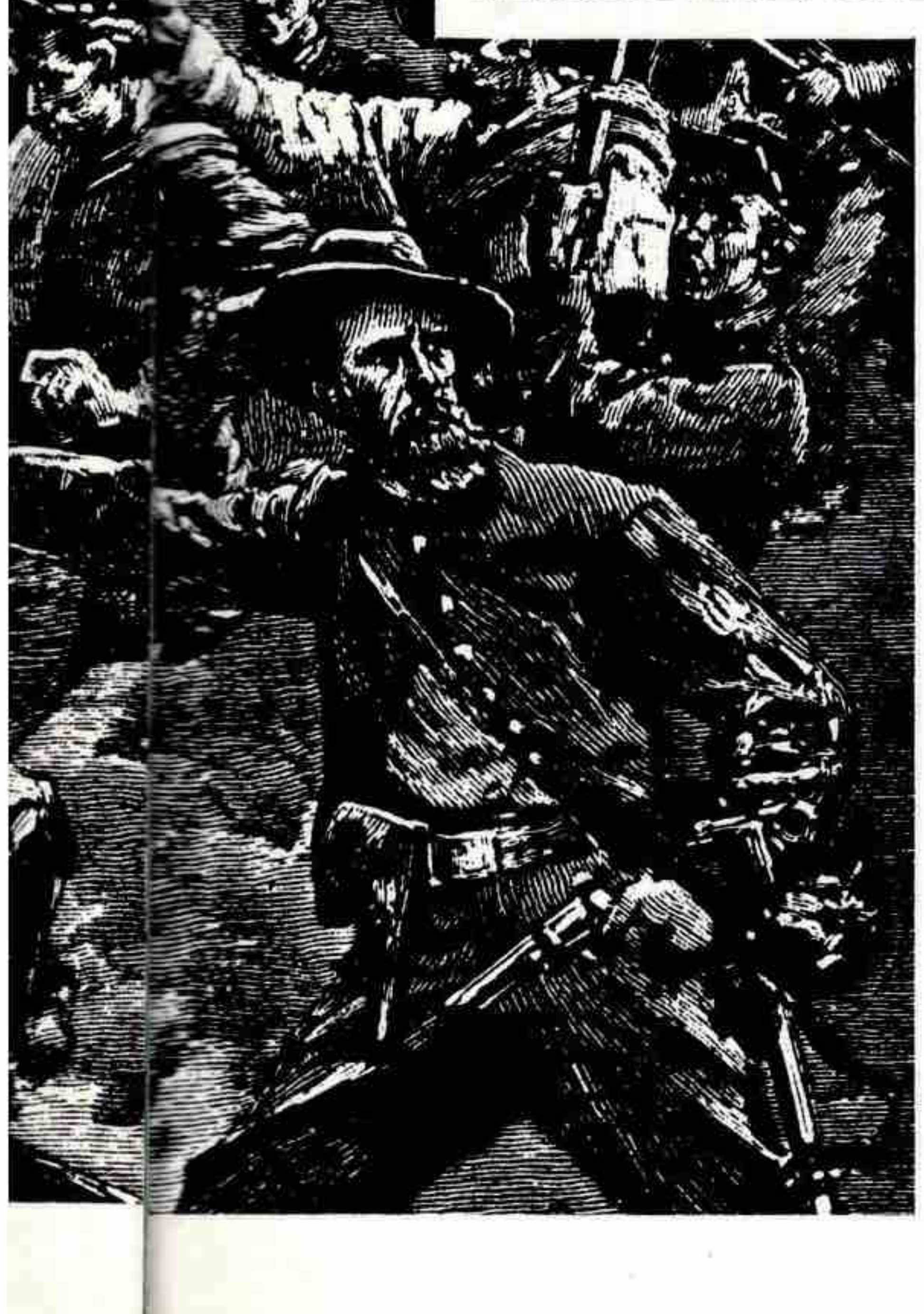


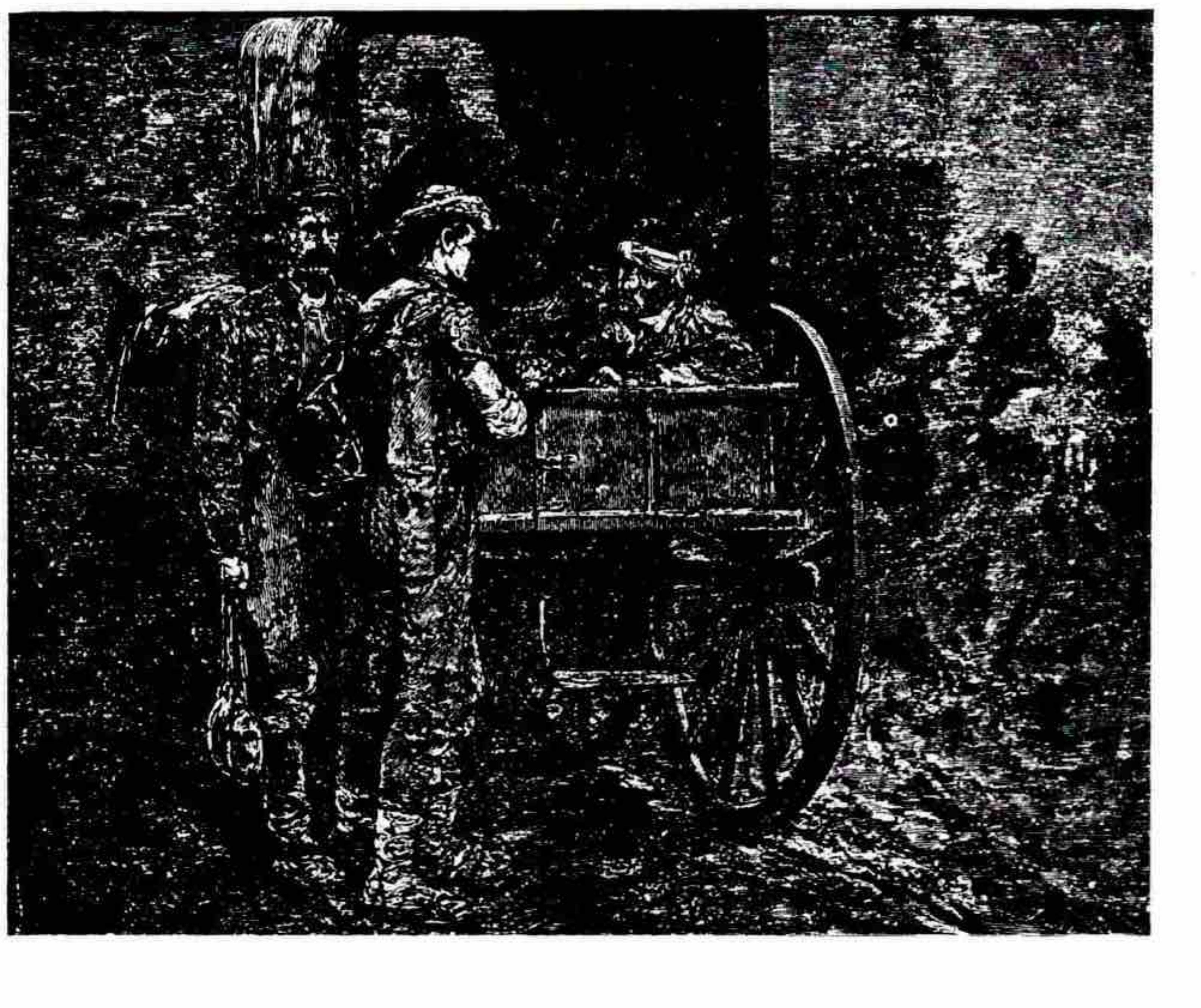
In mid-September the young trooper was detailed as orderly in the escort of Major General Lunsford Lomax, commander of Early's cavalry. Lomax promised permanent assignment, and on October 4, 1864, Redwood was officially transferred to the general's staff. As clerk to Captain W.K. Martin, Lomax's adjutant, he also served as courier. But during the winter of 1864–65, with forage a critical problem, Redwood lost two horses. And the task of finding a fresh mount was not easy. As he put it, "horseflesh was both scarce & high in Dixie while soldier's pay was about the only value which had steadfastly withstood the inflation of the times."

Unable to buy a horse, Redwood was granted furlough to steal one from the enemy. In March 1865 he and several comrades set out for Suffolk in southwestern Virginia. They attempted nighttime raids on enemy picket posts, but were unable to bring away any mounts. Finally, on April 7, just two days before General Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox, a Yankee detachment again captured Redwood near Somerton, Virginia, twelve miles southwest of Suffolk. He was then confined in the Norfolk-Newport News area until July 3, when he took the oath of Union allegiance and was released.

After the war Redwood took up residence in Baltimore, where he associated with his former Maryland comrades. He opened an art studio, worked for lithographers in town, and apparently gave art lessons as well. Probably his first published work appeared in an ex-Confederate's memoir of prison experiences, Isaac W.K. Handy's *United States Bonds* (1874). Handy had been confined at Fort Delaware, and his book featured the commonplace routines of cooking, washing and working. Redwood illustrated these scenes and others, too: inmates playing April Fool's pranks, attending worship services, holding a boxing match, or conducting a mock court.







Far left: *"Starke's Brigade Fighting With Stones Near The 'Deep Cut'" at Second Manassas.* ***Above***: *"Assault of Brockenbrough's Brigade Upon the Stone Barn of the McPherson Farm" at Gettysburg.* ***Left***: *"Good-bye!" A bandaged Redwood departs a wounded friend after Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg.*

Throughout the 1870s Redwood profited from contact with other Southern artists and writers in Baltimore. He was chosen a member of the Board of Directors of the Maryland Academy of Art, which included caricaturist Adalbert Volck (famous for his bitterly anti-Northern political drawings) and Innes Randolph, author of the poem, "I'm a Good Old Rebel."

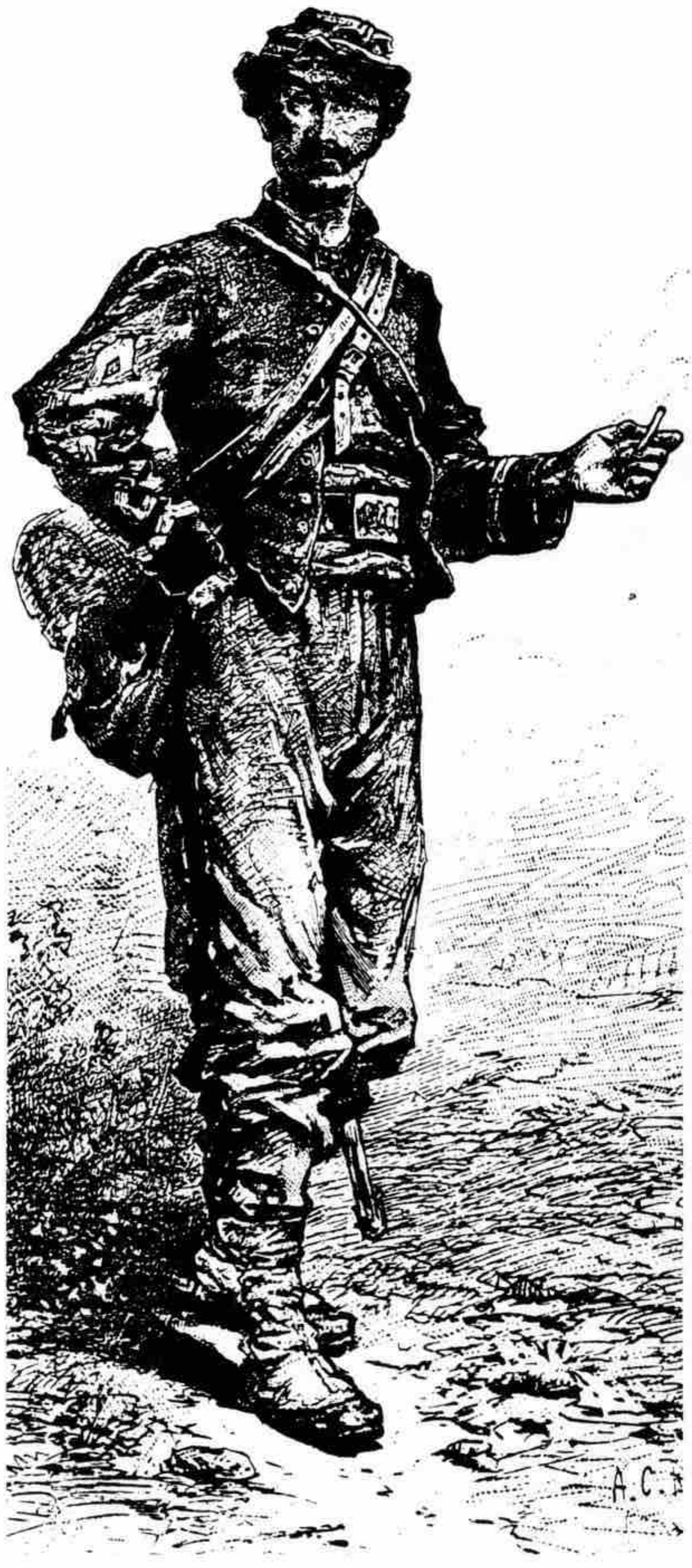
Redwood also tried his hand at writing. In this pursuit he received guidance from Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, daughter of Albert Taylor Bledsoe, editor of the *Southern Review* in Baltimore. An accomplished writer of scientific and literary articles for Northern magazines, Mrs. Herrick was a regular contributor to *Scribner's Monthly* magazine. She had moved to Baltimore in 1868 after separating from her husband and apparently met Redwood as an art student in 1870. The two developed a strong friendship that grew into love. Even after her divorce, however, Sophie felt she could not marry again because of her previous marriage vows. So for years she and Redwood visited and wrote each other several times weekly. Occasionally she counseled him as he prepared manuscripts for publication. She also tried to soften the bluntness of an editor's rejection, as when she wrote Allen, "I am very, very, very sorry. You can write if you will—if you will be terse, you can be graphic, and pathetic, when you recount anything you have seen or heard. I want you so very much to succeed, and I believe you can—the war has supplied you with your best material. . ."

Redwood persisted, and in 1878, partly because of Sophie's influence, *Scribner's Monthly* published his first article. The following year Mrs. Herrick moved to New York to become an assistant editor for the magazine. Though their romance had apparently ended, Redwood also moved north and began to establish his reputation as illustrator and author.

In his article, "Johnny Reb at Play," Redwood described Confederate soldiers as rollicking funmakers who delighted in sport and jest. They showed their playfulness whenever they came across the favorite butts of their jokes—civilians, non-combatant staff officers, and cavalry troopers. For instance, Redwood recounted a ribbing he had received while with the 1st Maryland. One foot soldier, marvelling at the large, spiked rowels at the end of Redwood's spurs, quipped, "Mister, fur the Lord's sake, *don't* turn that thing loose; thar's a chance o' people in this hyar road, an' hit's dangerous!"

In four other articles for *Scribner's Monthly*, published during 1879–81, Redwood related episodes from his war experiences. He described the balmy days of 1861, when he and his comrades on the Rappahannock had dined on plentiful fish, fowl, and oysters. He remembered the hard marches of Jackson's infantry, the "Foot-Cavalry," especially during the Cedar Mountain-Second Manassas Campaign. And he gave glimpses of his service at Gettysburg while writing a tribute to a comrade mortally wounded in the battle.

Perhaps more important than his articles, though, were the drawings Redwood composed to accompany his text. They provided entertaining views of Johnny Reb; sometimes they even gave a view of the artist himself, as in his illustration of the "dangerous rowels" incident. And in his picture of a Confederate bidding farewell to a dying comrade just after Gettysburg, the former soldier, with bandaged right elbow, is apparently Redwood.

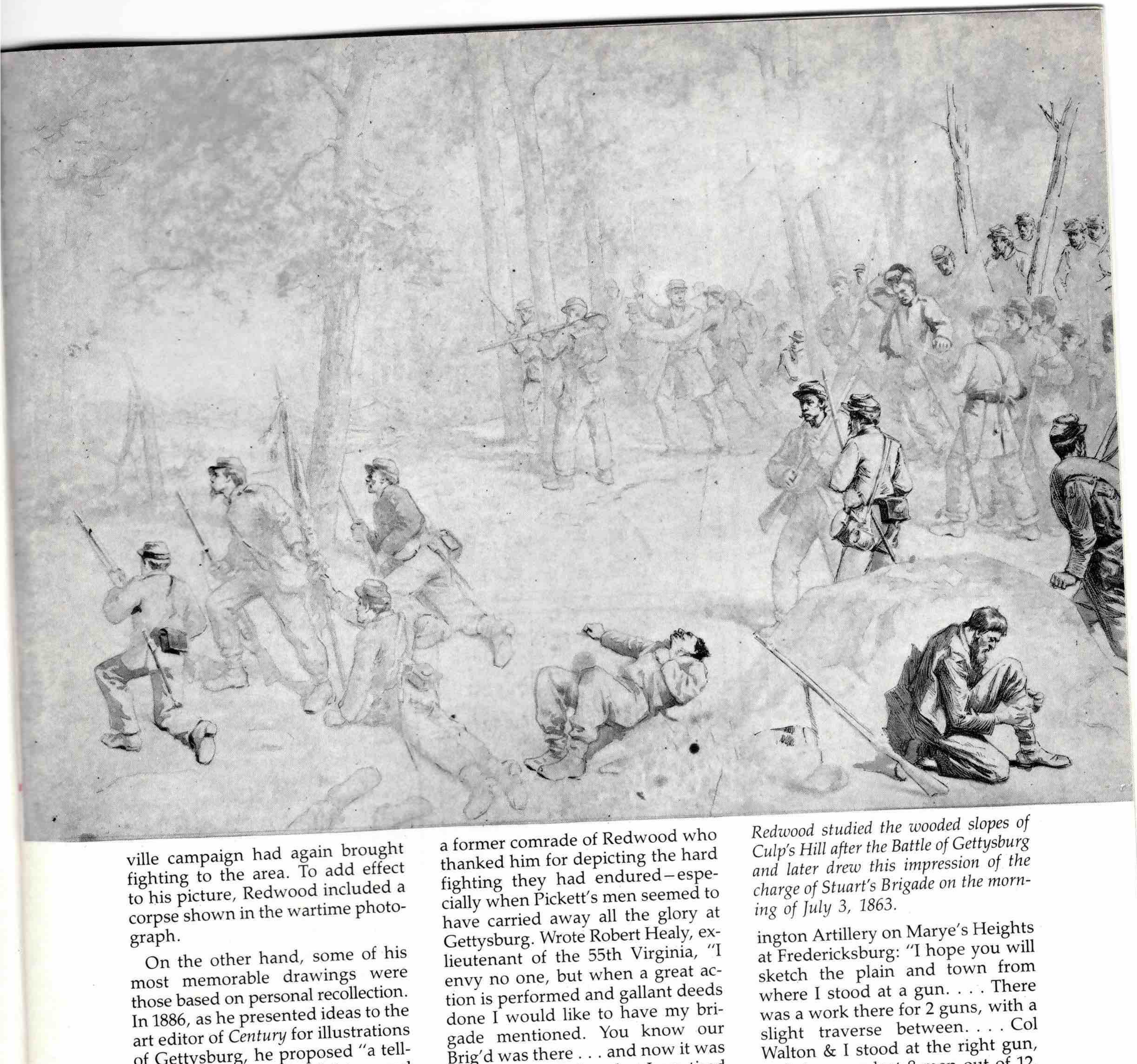


This woodcut appeared in the June 1879 Scribner's Monthly, *titled "A Louisiana 'Pelican.'" Redwood developed the drawing that same year in New Orleans. He was fascinated by Creole cigarette-rolling methods.*

These drawings established Redwood's fame among influential Northern editors and a wide readership. As an artist he had obvious talent, and in illustrating the war he paid close attention to authenticity and detail. For instance, his sketchbooks show that he was at work on "A Louisiana 'Pelican'" while on a visit in 1879 to New Orleans. There he apparently studied the Creoles' method of hand-rolling cigarettes, which he had observed among the Louisianans on the field of Second Manassas.

With this careful eye it is possible that in 1882, when he made a lengthy journey through California, Washington, Montana, and Idaho, Redwood may have been sent by editors eager for first-hand drawings of the West. But it was as a Confederate artist that Redwood made his reputation, and when back in his studio he found ready work illustrating war histories and soldiers' memoirs. For example, when William M. Owen was at work in 1884 preparing his history of the Washington Artillery, he wrote Redwood, "I am still desirous to have you aid me with your pencil, for it will have great weight." The next year Owen's book was published with two Redwood drawings. By that time, however, the artist was already at work on a project that would secure his fame as Civil War illustrator—the *Century Magazine* "Battles and Leaders" series.

When the editors of *Century* (formerly *Scribner's*) decided to publish a series of articles on the war by famous participants, and to include lots of high-quality artwork, Redwood was an obvious choice as contributor. The series ran from November 1884 to November 1887, and *Century* published an expanded version as a four-volume work in 1888. As a result, Redwood had a superb opportunity to make pictures about the war. In all he contributed fifty-two illustrations, a dozen of which had earlier appeared in *Scribner's*. He even wrote an article for the series about his experiences at Second Manassas. But not all of his work was autobiographical. Redwood drew some Tennessee scenes which he had not witnessed, such as Union gunboats at Fort Donelson and a Confederate charge at the Battle of Shiloh. Additionally, like other artists for "Battles and Leaders," he relied upon photographs and wartime sketches for some of his material, as when he depicted a Texas Ranger from an ambrotype. For his drawing of Cobb's and Kershaw's troops behind the Stone Wall at Fredericksburg, he consulted a photograph of the scene taken five months later, when the Chancellors-



Redwood studied the wooded slopes of Culp's Hill after the Battle of Gettysburg and later drew this impression of the charge of Stuart's Brigade on the morning of July 3, 1863.

ville campaign had again brought fighting to the area. To add effect to his picture, Redwood included a corpse shown in the wartime photograph.

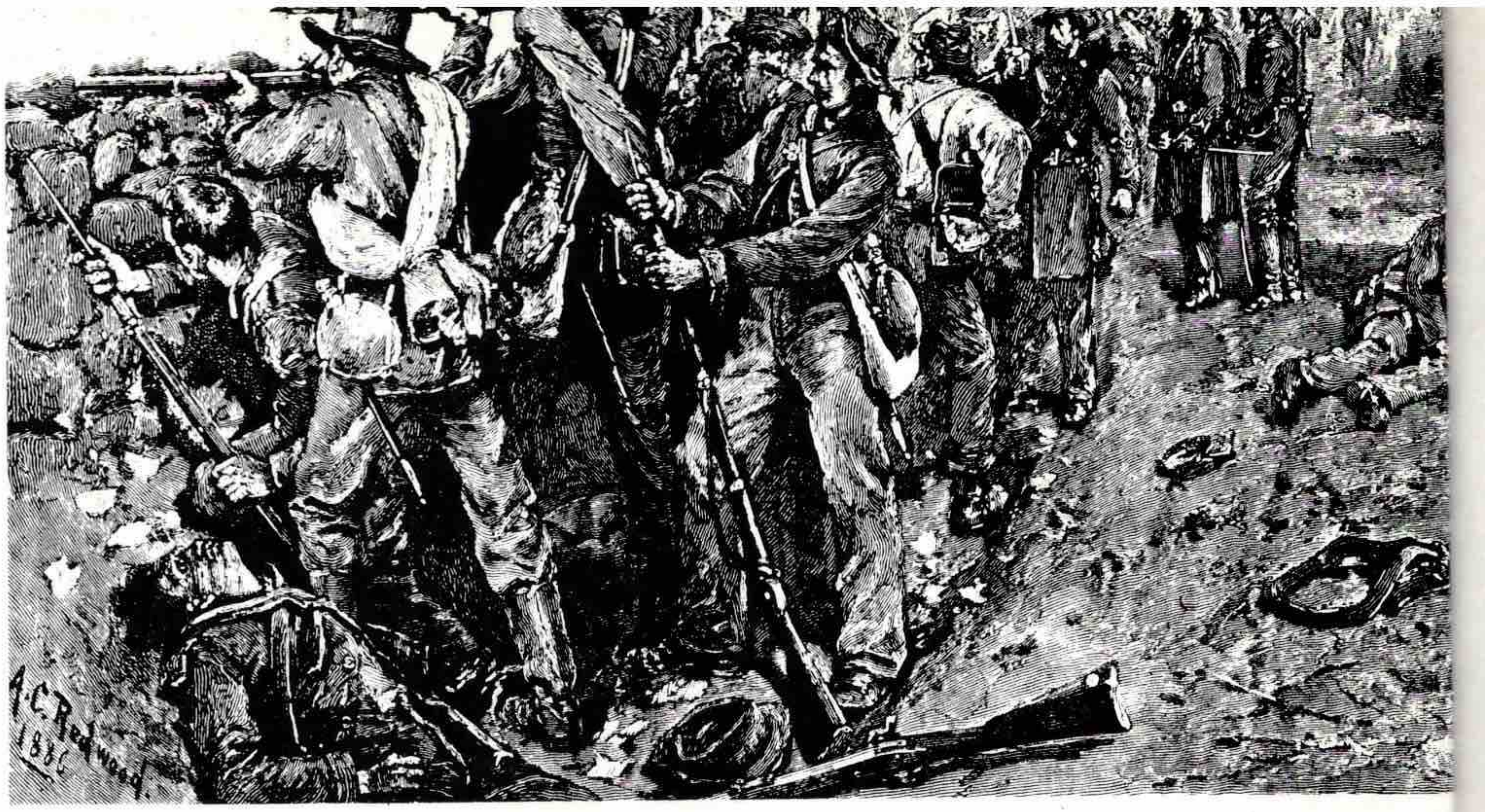
On the other hand, some of his most memorable drawings were those based on personal recollection. In 1886, as he presented ideas to the art editor of *Century* for illustrations of Gettysburg, he proposed "a telling cut" about ". . . the fight around a large Stone barn on the Chambersburg Road just outside the town July 1st where some of the 1st Corps held on after their line was repulsed. The fighting here was very close & hot, & creditable to both sides. & the elements are picturesque–I am familiar with the subject as my brigade held that portion of the Confederate line. & my regiment was directly engaged at this point. I have a pencil sketch of this ground made in '76 showing the barn outbuildings & orchard beyond & the woods in which Gen. Reynolds was killed beyond that, & am of the opinion that the subject would fitly illustrate the fight of the first day." When the picture appeared in "Battles and Leaders" it drew at least one compliment from a former comrade of Redwood who thanked him for depicting the hard fighting they had endured–especially when Pickett's men seemed to have carried away all the glory at Gettysburg. Wrote Robert Healy, ex-lieutenant of the 55th Virginia, "I envy no one, but when a great action is performed and gallant deeds done I would like to have my brigade mentioned. You know our Brig'd was there . . . and now it was Picket this & Picket that I am tired of the whole thing. . ."

The artist also revisited the old battlefields to get a correct impression of the scenery. He sketched the topography of Culp's Hill at Gettysburg before drawing the charge of Stuart's Brigade on the morning of July 3. He also made numerous sketches of impressive sights at Fredericksburg. There on a wall he found a Union soldier's graffitti carved with a jack-knife; it later appeared in "Battles and Leaders".

In other instances Redwood corresponded with fellow veterans to get information needed for an accurate drawing. A Lieutenant Owen encouraged him to picture the Washington Artillery on Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg: "I hope you will sketch the plain and town from where I stood at a gun. . . . There was a work there for 2 guns, with a slight traverse between. . . . Col Walton & I stood at the right gun, and there we lost 8 men out of 12, & I had to put my "shoulder to the wheel" in reality. I give these details thinking they may aid you. As for figures & costumes, you have them by heart. I remember Col Walton had on an overcoat with cape. I wore a *capote* with *hood*, and both wore kepis." Redwood took these details and used them, altered only slightly, for an illustration in "Battles and Leaders."

Such drawings apparently thrilled Redwood's former comrades. His illustration of Starke's brigade throwing rocks at the Yankees during Second Manassas especially delighted the Louisianans who had done the throwing. One veteran wrote from New Orleans that "the illustration of the stone throwing pleases the 'survivors' immensely . . ." Another correspondent hoped that Redwood would collect and republish his Confederate sketches: "Many old comrades have expressed a strong desire to have 'more!' You have a very direct way of reaching 'beneath the soldier's jacket.'"

For more than a decade after "Battles and Leaders" Redwood contributed to *Century* and *Harper's Monthly*, illustrating articles on the war, Southern genre, and cowboy life in the West. But his solid reputation as Confederate illustrator remained. His works are to be seen in later editions of John Esten Cooke's *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, Thomas Nelson Page's *Two Little Confederates*, and W.W. Goldsborough's *The Maryland Line in the Confederate States Army*. He made an illustration to accompany historian John A. Wyeth's article in *Harper's Monthly* on then Major General Nathan Bedford Forrest at Fort Donelson. In Wyeth's later Forrest biography the picture is captioned, "Parson! For God's sake, pray; nothing but God Almighty can save that fort.'"



"Cobb's and Kershaw's Troops Behind the Stone-wall" at the Battle of Fredericksburg. The artist based part of the drawing on a photograph taken after the fighting at Chancellorsville.

In his last years Redwood maintained his enthusiasm for the war and liked to correspond with former comrades about their old battles. To General Lomax, who had been his superior in the Shenandoah Valley, Redwood wrote in 1905, "In the years which have ensued, I too have had time to change from boyish trooper of the Maryland Line to a grizzled veteran of sixty odd, but my memory of those brave days holds out, & the people who made them so are more real than those of today."

Redwood also continued writing articles on the war. He contributed three essays on Stonewall Jackson and the Confederate soldier to Francis Trevelyan Miller's *Photographic History of the Civil War*, printed in 1911. And about the same time he offered recollections of Chancellorsville and his cavalry service for the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*.

A bachelor throughout his life, Redwood spent his last decade at the home of his cousins in Port Conway, Virginia, and with his brother's family in Asheville, North Carolina. He died there on December 24, 1922, and is buried in Riverside Cemetery.

Some have called Redwood one of the "forgotten artists" of the Civil War. This assessment may be correct. But considering the durable image he rendered of the Confederate soldier—tough fighter, good-humored individualist, and endurer of hardship—"A.C.R." must be regarded as a significant contributor to today's legend of Johnny Reb. In the century since Appomattox, few artists have left such a profound and lasting impression. ■

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ADDENDUM

To all those who have asked . . . The June cover photo of two zouaves was taken by William B. Folsom of McLean, Virginia. Mr. Folsom, one of CWTI's best cover photographers, takes great pride in his work and so do we. Inadvertently, his name was omitted from the information about the cover. We want to make certain all readers know this man behind the camera. Look for more of his work late this year.

Eds.

SPENCER RIFLE REVISION

Dear Editor,

I have been a faithful reader of *CWTI* for many years and have enjoyed the well-researched articles on many historical subjects. However, W. Eugene Sloan's article, "The Spencer: Revolution in Weaponry," in the May 1984 issue was so fraught with inaccuracies that it does not belong with the other fine works. From his writing it is clear that Mr. Sloan did no original research, but merely "parrotted" what other authors have said – many with inaccurate statements.

To clarify, allow me to set the record straight:

Spencer "worked in the Colt Armory . . . for several years." No. Spencer worked there only for one year – 1854.

"His first Spencer models were built in the Robbins & Lawrence Works in Hartford, Connecticut." Wrong again. Spencer's first prototype rifles (.36 caliber sporters and .44 caliber military-style carbines) were made in the tool room of the Cheney Brothers Silk Ribbon Manufactory, Hartford. They were fabricated by Spencer and an expert gun maker from Worcester, Massachusetts, Luke Wheelock. Although Spencer was a friend of Richard Lawrence, any and all Sharps rifle parts were sold to Spencer in business-like fashion.

Spencer's first prototype rifles "utilized .44 and .36 caliber cartridges." The exact cartridges used were .36 caliber long rimfire, and .44 long rimfire cartridges.

"Spencer rifles were .56 caliber." No. Production Model 1860 Spencer Army & Navy rifles and carbines fired 56–56 Spencer cartridges, in .52 caliber barrels. No Spencer firearm was ever made in .56 caliber.

"The factory, located on the premises of the defunct Pickering Piano Company . . ." The original Spencer Armory was located in the wing of the Chickering Piano-Forte building. The piano factory was not defunct, but continued operation in the very same building for decades later.

The Spencer "hammer struck a firing pin." No. The external hammer struck a percussion slide. A firing pin is quite a different item, found in most modern firearms.

"The cartridges were carried in a box . . . known as Blakeslee's tubes . . ." In the closing months of the war, the Army experimented first with 6-tube, then with 10- and 13-tube Blakeslee cartridge boxes. Few saw service prior to April 1865.

"The price of the Spencer of either type" (Navy or Army) "with bayonet was $40." To clarify: M1860 Spencer Navy rifles with sword bayonet cost $43. M1860 Spencer Army rifles with angular bayonet cost $40 in the initial contract, but reduced to $38 in all later contracts.

"The Spencer bullet was shaped like a minié bullet." Anyone familiar with minié balls know that their excellent sealing characteristics were a direct result of their hollow interior and thin side walls. Spencer lead bullets had no such hollow, but were solid throughout.

"Spencer . . . decided to go to Washington to sell more guns."

The truth of the matter is that President Lincoln was highly displeased with the Spencer repeating rifle, and refused to order more for the Federal Forces. Spencer was sent to Washington by the proprietors of the Spencer Armory (he, himself, held no actual ownership in the company that bore his name) to successfully demonstrate the firearm to the president. Even after his demonstration, Lincoln did nothing to promote further sales of the rifles. It was never known as "Mr. Lincoln's Gun."

"The Burnside Rifle Company . . . made 32-inch barrel rifles" (of the Spencer design).

Continued on page 49

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Sometimes fame and respect demand high prices. In many cases the Civil War soldier needed more credentials than heroic deeds and terrific sacrifice to win the hearts of the folks at home.

From Harold D. Nichols of St. Louis, Missouri, **CWTI** *presents this commentary. Extracted from the February 20, 1865 edition of the Rock Island, Illinois,* **Evening Argus,** *the article makes light of the situation facing those returning veterans who had no wounds to show for their service. But too often, homeward soldiers truly faced these circumstances and, indeed, held an "Ambition To Be Wounded."*

The James River correspondent of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* writes, in his last letter, –

Blood! that is the price to pay for honor now-a-days. The public mind demands blood–Without the loss of blood a soldier is rarely a hero. This the soldier is made to understand by the tone of the public press, by every personal letter that touches on the subject, and especially by all he sees and hears, if he is at the north on a furlough. The consequence is that a desire to be wounded is general among the officers in the army, merely to meet the requirements of home sentiment. They know that no faithful service, no daring bravery, no unwavering endurance is so likely to win them praise at the far rear as an entry of their name on the list of casualties.

They know that those who were slightly wounded in the first fight of last spring, in Meade's or Butler's army, and have been since absent on leave, are today given ten times more honor in their native town than their fellows who remained at the front and were ten times more exposed to the flying bullets and bursting shell, while suffering all the privations and hardships of the fearful six months of unintermitted battle and campaigning. They know that the bullet that breaks the skin counts more than exposure which breaks the constitution, or the blow that breaks the heart. They are ambitious, else they would be unfit as officers, and their ambition prompts them to crave a wound that they may win respect at home. If they are good officers, they don't want a severe wound–not enough to take them off duty, but just enough to count for their credit.

I have heard officers boast of a wound, and others speak enviously of a wounded comrade, or bemoan their lack of at least a scratch for the surgeon to report. During an engagement last summer, while men were falling on every side, a brave and gallant general came hurriedly to our colonel with a half-disappointed, half-provoked look on his face, and snapping his fingers with an excited flourish, said, 'I declare, I've just seen one of your men with a wound that I'd give a hundred dollars for this minute. It's a beautiful wound, right alongside the forehead, and not bad enough to keep him laid up.'

Then he added as if to complain of his own hard lot, 'I don't know why I can't get wounded. I've tried hard enough, I've been right into the thickest of the fights ever since I entered the service, and I've never had a scratch.' 'Have you seen Capt. P's wound?' was a question asked over and over again in his brigade after the battle of Drury's Bluff; and then the wound was described with so much gusto. 'A capital wound! just above the temple; shows under the hair; but doesn't make a bad scar. That sets him up. I saw a noble officer–a brigadier commander–in a hospital quite sick from exaustion after a hard campaign. He spoke cheerfully of anything until some wounded officers were named. Then his pity seemed moved–not for them but for himself. 'Oh, dear!' he said, 'If only I could have been wounded. And I had the same chance that any of them had. I was one of the first men in the Chapin's Bluff fort, while men were being killed all around; but I wasn't hit. And here I am in hospital sick!'

The tone in which he uttered the last word was that of ineffable disgust. He would apparently have rather lost both legs in battle, than be brought down by disease to unfitness of duty. He knew just how the two things were viewed relatively at home. 'I didn't care much about being wounded until I went home,' said a brave young captain who had risen from the ranks and was on his fourth year of active service with one of the hardest fighting regiments in the entire army. 'I find they don't count a man anything if he hasn't been hit. They'd hardly believe that I'd been in a real battle, because I'd nothing to show for it. Now, I want some scar to take home.' Poor fellow! His regiment was blown up in Fort Fisher. He was probably sufficiently mangled there to suit the most exacting northern censor." ▣

Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va.

PLIGHT OF THE HOMEWARD VETERAN

Ambition To Be Wounded

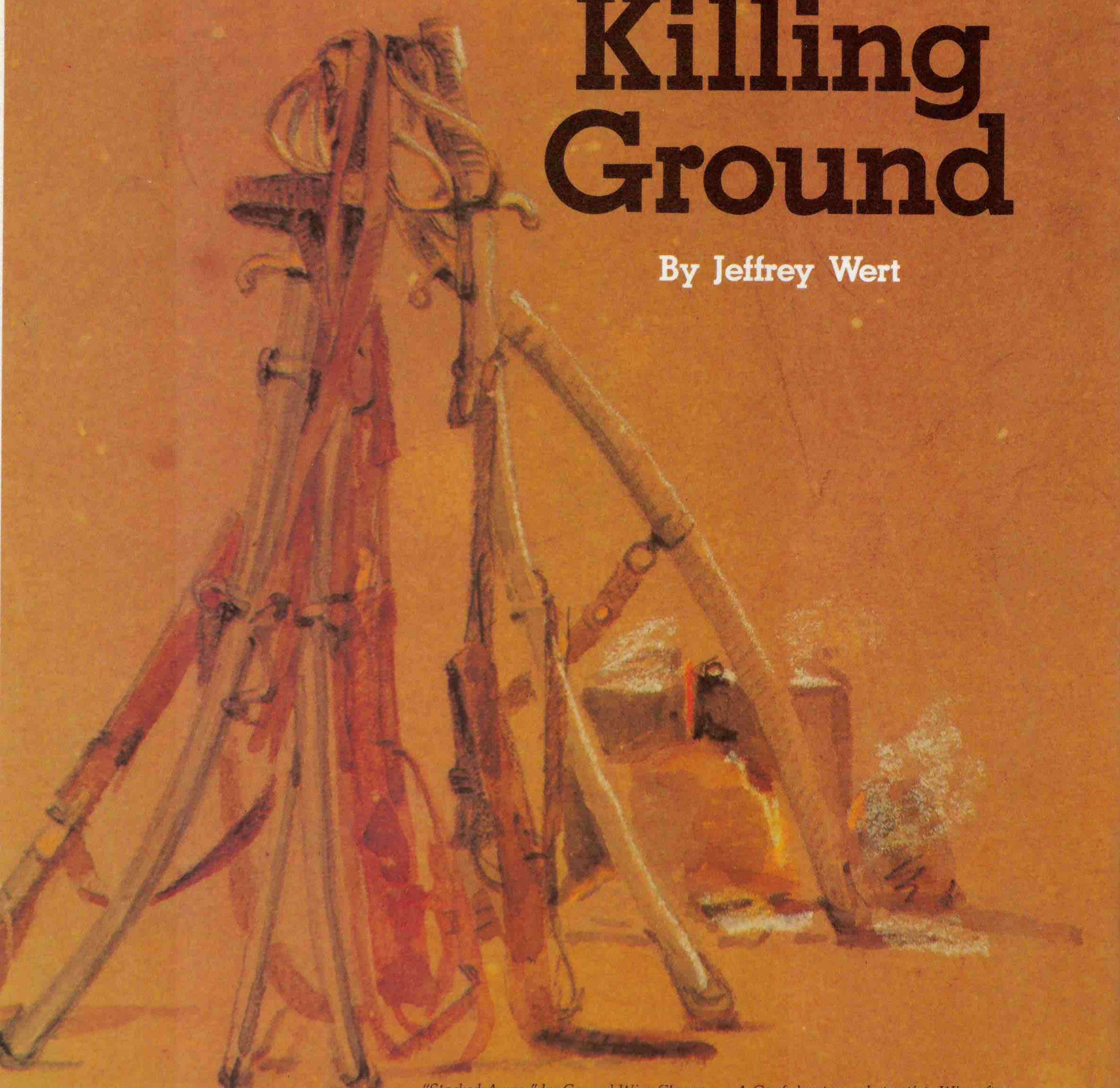
Submitted by Harold D. Nichols

"In The Hospital – 1861," by William Ludwell Sheppard. This painting depicts a Confederate reaping one the rewards meted out to the slightly wounded, the attention of a woman. His Union counterparts discovered folks at home "don't count a man anything if he hasn't been hit."

THE SECOND BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN, 1864

The Old Killing Ground

By Jeffrey Wert



"Stacked Arms," by Conrad Wise Chapman. A Confederate combat artist, Wise often made sketches during battles. Later, he referred to his sketches to complete a painting. His painting of stacked and battered sabers poignantly underscores the words of one Union survivor of the Second Battle of Kernstown. He described it as "Such a terrible disaster to our arms."

Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Vir

Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Virgi

Yankees, lying behind board fences and small mounds of spaded ground, surveyed the peaceful meadows and orchards. Many of them discounted the report of approaching Rebels. Writing of this day, Surgeon Alexander Neil of the 12th West Virginia admitted "we had flattered ourselves that he [the enemy] had fled in the night." But as the sun passed the meridian, this delusion evaporated as the Federals, squinting through the shimmering heat, looked south. Distant specters soon took shape, increasing in size and mass. Before the waiting Northerners came solid lines of Southern infantry. Their double ranks seemed to stretch for miles, preceded by a shifting cloud of skirmishers.

The Confederates advanced with the confident lope of veterans. In this, the war's final year, these Rebels, bled to the marrow, were still the Confederacy's best fighters—the late Lieutenant General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's "foot cavalry," now under Lieutenant General Jubal A. Early. The waiting Yankees, battered ranks of the Army of West Virginia under Brigadier General George Crook, had twice suffered defeat during the past month at the hands of these descending Southerners. The staccato popping of skirmishers' rifles once again introduced the antagonists.

It was July 24, 1864, at the old killing ground outside Kernstown, Virginia. The ensuing collision was a small battle by the war's standards, but it heralded a final resolution to three bloody years of conflict in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley.

This clash between two old foes concluded forty days of drama in the Shenandoah and Maryland. On June 12 General Robert E. Lee ordered Early and his corps westward from Cold Harbor, Virginia to the valley. Early dispatched one fourth of his infantry to save Lynchburg, a vital railroad junction threatened by Union Major General David Hunter's Army of West Virginia. In a blistering forced march, the Confederates reached Lynchburg on the 17th and 18th. Hunter, confronted by these tough soldiers, lost his nerve, ordered a retreat, and scampered into the security of the Allegheny Mountains.

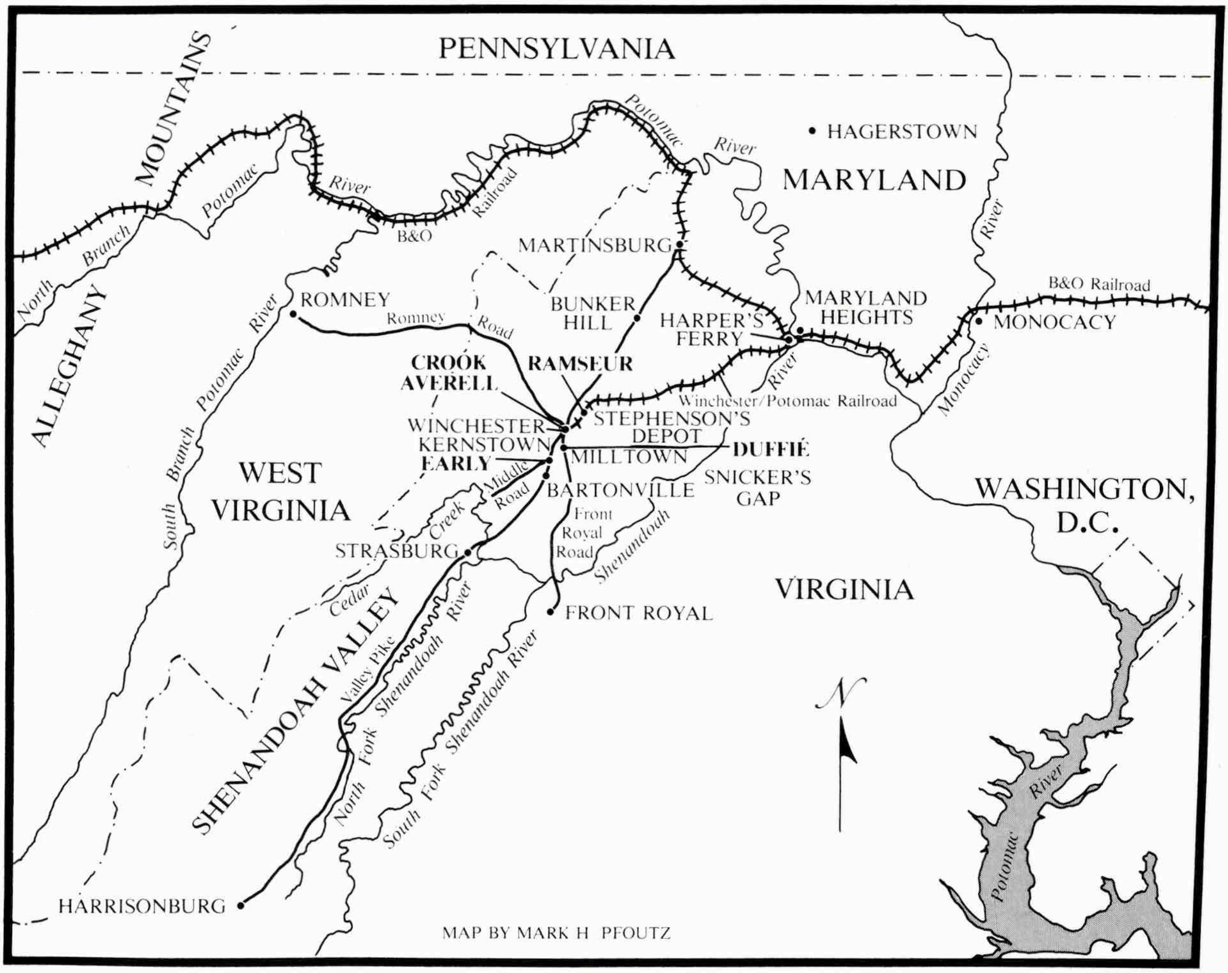
After pursuing Hunter to the mountain barrier, Early followed Lee's secret instructions and plunged down the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Potomac River on July 5. Four days later the Rebels shoved aside a valiant Union force at Monocacy, Maryland and descended upon Washington, D.C. Slowed by choking dust and stifling heat, the Confederates arrived opposite the capital's sprawling defenses on the 11th. When elements of the Union VI Corps, dispatched from Petersburg, Virginia, arrived to bolster the capital's defenders, Early abandoned his audacious enterprise. During the night of July 12–13, the Confederates turned south toward Virginia, their commander satisfied that, as he told an aide, "we've scared Abe Lincoln like h____!"

A Union force, composed of the VI Corps, part of the XIX Corps and the remnants of Hunter's command under Crook, pursued the fleeing Rebels in the so-called "Snicker's Gap War." Major General Horatio G. Wright, commander of the VI Corps, directed the pursuers, but he moved cautiously, apparently unwilling to engage the Confederates. On July 18, near Cool Spring on the Shenandoah River, Wright sent Crook's command across the river. Seizing the opportunity, Early hurled his veterans against the Federals in stinging counterattacks. Crook's soldiers broke under the assaults and rushed pell-mell across the river. Early resumed his retreat the next day; Wright followed with his corps on the 20th. That night the Union commander, convinced that Early was returning to Lee, turned back toward Washington. Crook's "soured and chagrined" veterans remained behind with orders to guard the lower valley.

Early's spectacular raid and successful escape

U.S.A.M.H.I.

The battlefield, photographed after the First Battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862. Federals won that battle, but made strategic errors when they assumed Confederate Major General T.J. "Stonewall" Jackson's army would not attack without reenforcements.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Creek
STRASBURG
Cedar
SHENANDOAH VALLEY
Valley Pike
River
FRONT ROYAL
VIRGINIA
North Fork Shenandoah River
South Fork Shenandoah River
N
Potomac River
HARRISONBURG
MAP BY MARK H PFOUTZ

This map locates the Federal and Confederate positions at the Second Battle of Kernstown. Twelve days before, Confederate General Robert E. Lee ordered Lieutenant General Jubal Early's corps westward from Cold Harbor, Virginia to the Shenandoah Valley.

embarrassed Union authorities. Responsibility for the defense of Washington ultimately belonged with General-in-Chief Ulysses S. Grant. As the Southerners raced northward into Maryland and the crisis intensified, Grant, who only slowly recognized the strategic value of the Shenandoah Valley, endeavored to oversee operations from his headquarters outside Petersburg, Virginia. Major General Henry W. Halleck, Union chief of staff, funneled Grant's directives to department and field commanders, but Halleck, known as "Old Brains," studiously avoided the responsibility of coordinating the defense. His lieutenant general reluctantly dispatched the VI Corps to the capital and redirected two divisions of the XIX Corps. After the Confederates escaped, Grant believed that Early must return to Lee, accepted Wright's assessment, and assigned the Army of West Virginia to the defense of the lower valley and the vital Baltimore & Ohio Railroad that crossed its northern edge.

Crook and his worn command—"the boys want rest," noted a mountaineer in his diary—thus found themselves encamped on the Cool Spring battlefield on the morning of July 21. Since June 1, when they marched to join Hunter in the valley, these soldiers had suffered from inept leadership and deprivation. Their retreat under Hunter through the Alleghenies became a ten-day ordeal without food, except for coffee and sugar. Lucky Yankees with crackers sold them for a dollar apiece. "Discipline was forgotten," one of them remarked, and the column of stragglers stretched for ten miles. On July 2, "worn out, broke down and out of heart," they stumbled into Charleston, West Virginia, where many filled the hospitals. Desperately needing rest, the demoralized command was soon ordered east to capture Early's retreating Confederates.

The "Sincker's Gap War" increased their suffering and casualties. Many in the ranks accused Wright of needlessly sacrificing them on the 18th. As they rested on the 21st they wanted little more than time to heal their wounds.

If the past seven weeks had accomplished little, it had at least given them a solid, respected commander in Crook. At 35-years-old, a West Pointer and Regular Army soldier, Crook had served mostly in the backwaters of the war. He had won a notable victory at Cloyd's Mountain, Virginia, on May 9, 1864, routing a Confederate force in a vicious engagement. Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, a brigade commander, already considered Crook "the best general we have ever served under." Restrained and courageous, Crook had only assumed command of this force on July 16. Though still under Hunter's authority, Crook actually possessed independent field command, with the responsibility of thwarting any additional Confederate operations against Maryland and the Baltimore & Ohio.

At 6:00 a.m., July 22, two Federal infantry divisions under Colonels Joseph Thoburn and James A. Mulligan and three batteries of artillery under Captain Henry A. DuPont abandoned their bivouacs, marching west toward Winchester, Virginia. The Yankees reached the historic town on the Valley Pike late in the afternoon. Crook found Brigadier General William W. Averell already there with his cavalry division and Colonel Isaac H. Duval's division of infantry. Averell, whose command had routed Major General Stephen Dodson Ramseur's Confederate division at Stephenson Depot on the 20th, had been trailing Early's legions for two days. The cavalry officer told Crook the Confederates were encamped north of Strasburg, nearly 20 miles to the south. Even as they spoke, Averell's troopers were dueling with Southern horsemen who patrolled Early's rear.

Brigadier General Alfred Napoleon Alexander Duffié also soon reported with his two mounted brigades. Duffié's command had been part of the Union pursuit force and came in from the east trailing Crook's infantry. These two brigades of cavalry camped at Milltown, two miles south of Winchester.

Before Duffié's men could settle in for the evening, the skirmishing between the Rebel troopers and Colonel William Powell's brigade of Averell's division intensified. As Powell's troopers fell back before the Confederates, Duffié sent Colonel Jacob Higgins' brigade forward as support. At Kernstown, Higgins' veterans relieved Powell's weary cavalrymen. The fresh Yankees repulsed the Rebel sorties, remaining in line throughout the night.

Crook, with the addition of Averell and Duffié, commanded nearly 8,000 infantry and slightly more than 1,500 cavalry. Before retiring for the night, the Union officer telegraphed Hunter. "I want to remain here a day or two," the brigadier explained, "to give the enemy the impression we will not follow them, so that they may send a good portion of their command to Richmond. I have not force sufficient to meet all their force in this open valley, and my only hope is for them to divide their command."

Crook awakened his veterans before daylight on the 23d. The grumbling soldiers hurriedly cooked their breakfasts and prepared for an inspection. But as the Yankees cleaned their weapons, they heard a distant rattle of rifle fire. The Confederates—probably Colonel William Jackson's brigade—had returned and were testing Higgins' skirmishers. Officers cancelled the inspection, and the infantry soon filed onto the pike, tramping south. Duffié's 2d Brigade, commanded by Colonel William B. Tibbits, galloped past the marching foot soldiers.

Duffié found Higgins south of Kernstown, sparring with the Confederates. The division commander deployed Tibbits on Higgins' left, dismounting most of his command except for the mounted skirmishers screening the front. Behind the Union cavalrymen Captain John V. Keeper's Battery B, 1st West Virginia Light Horse Artillery, unlimbered. The deep bass of the cannon soon mingled with the treble of carbines and rifles as the two opponents flailed at each other throughout the morning. Jackson shifted part of his force to the left, but Duffié countered by sending one regiment from Tibbits beyond his right flank.

Frustrated by the obstinate Rebels, Duffié, son of a French count and a veteran of the Crimean War, ordered an attack about 1:00 p.m. Sending one of Tibbits' squadrons straight ahead to lure the Confederates forward, he deployed two squadrons to charge into their rear. The ruse worked, as part of Jackson's Virginians and Marylanders knifed ahead to meet the Yankees. Suddenly Lieutenant Colonel Alonzo W. Adams and the 1st New York "Lincoln" Cavalry galloped into one of the Yankee squadrons, mistaking them for Southerners. Adams' blunder ruptured the Union attack and infuriated Duffié, who stated in his report that "the stupidity of this officer [Adams] had been repeatedly manifested whilst under my command."

The bungled assault disrupted the Northerners' line. They withdrew through Kernstown behind the ranks of the waiting infantry. All three divisions of the foot soldiers were deployed north of the town, having spent the day erecting breastworks and resting. When Duffié fell back, Crook ordered Duval's division forward. While Colonel Daniel D. Johnson's brigade moved westward to the right, Rutherford Hayes' brigade went forward. The future president's four regiments swept past the town, shoving back Jackson's troopers, who offered only "feeble resistance." Duval's advance concluded the day-long, sporadic contest.

Crook then ordered a return to Winchester, leaving Tibbits and his brigade behind to picket at Kernstown. The Union commander and his officers, from observation and from civilian reports, estimated Confederate stength at about 1,000 with two or three cannon. No Southern infantry had been seen for two days, and Crook and his men went to sleep that night convinced Early's rugged fighters were en route to Richmond.

Sunday, July 24 dawned hot and sultry. Breakfasts were already cooking over campfires as the Northerners prepared for another inspection. Ragged rifle fire, filtering north from Kernstown, indicated a renewal of the previous day's cavalry skirmish. About 7:30, as the blue-bloused infantry formed for inspection, a horseman galloped into Winchester, where he informed Duffié that the Rebels, apparently in force, were advancing against Tibbits. The Frenchman relayed the intelligence to Crook, then mounted Higgins' brigade and rode toward Kernstown.

Crook received Duffié's report with skepticism, but he nevertheless formed his infantry into columns. Mulligan's division led the march up the pike. Behind his two brigades came Duval's division and then Thoburn's. As Mulligan approached Kernstown's northern edge, he veered his column to the right into the fields and orchards. To their front Union cavalrymen dueled with the obstinate Southerners.

Mulligan's division shuffled into position north of Hogg Run behind some stone walls. There in March 1862, Yankees handed Stonewall Jackson his only defeat. Colonel Thomas M. Harris' brigade of two regiments manned the division's right, while Lieutenant Colonel John P. Linton's three regiments held the left. Mulligan's men had barely settled in before Harris and Linton pushed several companies forward as skirmishers to relieve Duffié's troopers. As infantrymen replaced cavalrymen, Duffié sent his division to the west to protect the right flank.

For two hours, until noon, these Yankees, in the ritualized dance of skirmishers, fought against Early's ubiquitous Rebels. While Mulligan's veterans fired from behind stone walls and among trees in orchards, Duval's and Thoburn's divisions lengthened the Union line. Hayes' brigade of Duval's command deployed on Mulligan's left across the Valley Pike. Duval's other brigade, under Johnson, extended the Irishman's right, next to Harris' soldiers. Thoburn, with his two brigades, moved into woods to the right and rear of Mulligan and Duval, forming behind a barricade of fence rails and logs they had erected on the 23d. Behind the divisions DuPont unlimbered his three batteries on some hills.

The early morning report of a heavy Confederate force still had not materialized. Only small clusters of Southerners in distant woods foretold the impending storm.

To the south, beyond the Yankees' view, however, the fury was coming in solid columns of marching Rebels, lean veterans heading for a fight. Since July 21 Early's spent Confederates had been resting in camps along Cedar Creek, their forty-day ordeal having worn them down. "Old Jube" Early, who was probably savoring the success of his daring enterprise, had no intention of returning to Lee's army. As long as he remained in the Shenandoah and threatened Maryland and the railroad, Grant could not safely ignore the Rebel's presence.

This independent command certainly pleased Early, a man of burning ambition. He was an enigma, a bundle of inconsistencies. To his few friends and intimates, Early was magnanimous, generous, and charitable; to his numerous enemies he was a carping critic. He cared little for pretense or show, usually riding a horse "as ungainly and nearly as unkempt as he." But few, if any, could question his combat prowess. His fearlessness and skill on battlefields had earned him command of the redoubtable II Corps and, as the recent raid showed, he planned to make the most of it.

When Colonel Jackson reported to him on the 23d that Union forces had combined at Winchester, the aggressive Early decided to advance. Another Union defeat in the valley, the Confederate commander believed, would convince Federal authorities their hold on the area was tenuous at best.

At dawn on the 24th, Early's rugged soldiers – approximately 12,000 infantry and over 2,000 cavalry – headed north. Major General John C. Breckinridge's command of Brigadier General Gabriel C. Wharton's and Major General John B. Gordon's divisions paced the march. Ramseur's and Major General Robert E. Rodes' divisions and three artillery battalions trailed. At Bartonsville, Ramseur's division abandoned the pike, veering west toward the Middle Road to come in on the Federals' right flank.

The swift-marching Confederates arrived south of Kernstown before noon. Early examined Crook's distant line and decided to send Gordon forward in a heavy demonstration against the Union front, while Breckinridge, with Wharton's division, swung to the east, coming in on the Federal left. Ramseur would extend Gordon's left flank on the Middle Road and Rodes would circle beyond Breckinridge's right on the Front Royal Road. Early also directed the cavalry brigades of Jackson, Colonel John McCausland, and Brigadier General John C. Vaughn beyond the infantry flanks with orders to attack once the Union infantry broke. Early planned to bag the entire Yankee force.

The thin, ramrod-straight Gordon, an inspiring and superb combat officer, deployed his three brigades west of the pike. Brigadier General William Terry's brigade manned the left, Brigadier General Zebulon York's the center, and Brigadier General Clement A. Evans', under the 26th Georgia's Colonel Edmund M. Atkinson, the right. With their front blanketed with skirmishers, Gordon's division then advanced. These Southerners were the soldiers that Crook's waiting men saw across the open fields.

Gordon's oncoming skirmishers rapidly engaged Harris' and Linton's advanced companies, who soon withdrew to the division's main line. Mulligan ordered a charge. Supported by DuPont's three batteries, the two cheering brigades advanced, with Hayes of Duval's division moving forward to cover their left. Harris' two regiments, the 10th West Virginia and the 23d Illinois, numbering 849 effectives, led the Union attack. As the two opposing lines closed, a crackling of musketry erupted.

York's Louisianans, in Gordon's center, opposed the West Virginians and Illinoisians. Half of these Confederates had fought under Brigadier General Richard Taylor in "Stonewall" Jackson's 1862 Shenandoah Valley Campaign, but they had joined Jackson's force after the campaign's First Battle of Kernstown.

National Archives

Already a little familiar with the ground before them, on this day they were two brigades, or what was left of them, merged into one. Citizens of their home state had been imploring Confederate authorities to send them home to recuperate and refill their decimated ranks. They could not be spared, commanders said, thus these Louisianans, "mere skeletons" of their former selves, were charging toward the two Yankee regiments.

The 23d Illinois, shielded by a stone wall enclosing a church and cemetery, and the 10th West Virginia, behind a board fence, stopped York's advance. Volleys cascaded along the ranks as the two foes loaded, fired and repeated the procedure. The Northerners, protected by their walls, had the better of it. Surprisingly, though, the Louisianans suffered few casualties.

On the left of Harris' brigade, meanwhile, Linton's three regiments – the 54th Pennsylvania, and the 11th and 15th West Virginia – clung to an open orchard against Atkinson's advancing Georgians. But these Federals, unlike Harris' men, were exposed and staggered before the Southerners' searing discharges. Linton's horse fell under the fire, and the brigade commander was taken to the rear with a broken collar bone. With all the other field officers wounded or dead, Major John Suter, 54th Pennsylvania, re-

Valentine Museum

From Left: *Major General John Brown Gordon, Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early, Major General John Cabell Breckinridge, Major General Robert Emmett Rodes.*

placed Linton. Soon pockets of Yankees abandoned the orchard, and within 30 minutes, Suter's ranks were spilling north toward a stone wall.

With the temporary collapse of Suter's line, Harris could no longer maintain his position, as Atkinson overlapped his left. The Illinoisians and West Virginians relinquished their stone wall and board fence, regrouping 200 yards to the rear. The Confederates occupied the churchyard and orchard, their "hot fire" dropping a curtain of lead hail along Mulligan's new line.

Crook, described by an artillery officer as "a notably keen and clear-headed man . . . whose equanimity was rarely if ever disturbed even under the most trying circumstances," watched Mulligan's repulse. Duffié, unknowingly, had been correct; the Confederates were coming north in heavy numbers on this hot Sabbath. The Union commander, however, had little time to ponder that. As he had told Hunter on the 22d, he did not have the number "to meet all their force in this open valley."

To support his beleaguered center, Crook ordered Thoburn to advance a brigade. This latter officer's division had watched the battle from a distance, beyond Mulligan's right and rear, behind its breastworks in a stand of trees. When Crook's directive arrived, Thoburn obeyed immediately, sending Colonel William G. Ely's five regiments forward. Ely angled his brigade to the east toward Mulligan's right. Johnson's brigade of Duval's division had earlier occupied the position, but it had moved westward on the Romney Road, near where one of Duffié's cavalry brigades was deployed. As Ely's men occupied a stone wall, Confederate skirmishers, strung out on the brow of a hill, opened fire. Major Richard H. Brown, with skirmishers of the 12th West Virginia, stepped out to protect the deploying brigade.

Valentine Museum

Brown's men and the Southerners rapidly engaged in a heated exchange. Though Ely admitted later in his report that these Confederates "showed no disposition to attack," his men had barely caught their breaths when another Rebel brigade, in battle line, crossed over the top of the hill. Coming on were Terry's Virginians, veterans who had crossed this very ground on the afternoon of March 23, 1862, during the First Battle of Kernstown. But like the Louisianans to its right, this command was a mere shadow. It had comprised the entire "Stonewall Division" until the May 1864 Union assault at the "Mule Shoe" in the Battle of Spotsylvania nearly destroyed it. The remnants of the proud unit, over the protests of its remaining members, had been fused into one brigade. Two years before, these veterans possessed power and élan, but on this day spirit alone would have to do.

U.S.A.M.H.I.

The Confederates drove gamely across the exposed ground, halting behind their own stone wall, where they opened fire. Stabbing flames of musketry danced along the rock barricades, as Yankee hammered at Rebel. Terry soon ordered a charge, and the Confederates, spilling over the wall, swirled across the meadow. Ely's Federals replied before pulling back to a second fence of stones.

The Southerners lay down behind the wall captured from Ely's men to shield themselves from Union artillery fire exploding overhead. Major Mann Page, one of "Old Jube's" aides, galloped up and ordered a halt. But the Confederates would have none of it and, by nearly unanimous consent, jumped over the wall and charged Ely's regrouped Federals. As Page fumed over their disobediance, the Rebels dislodged Ely's Union brigade for a second time. The Northerners scampered back to their original line in the woods, where Colonel George D. Wells' brigade was deployed.

The center of the Union line now teetered on the verge of collapse. With its right flank unhinged, Mulligan's battered division valiantly endured slicing fire from two directions. Gordon's fighters, many protected by the stone walls, peppered the Federal line. Parts of Confederate regiments pressed forward through the smoke and fire storm. Most of the Rebels wore captured blue uniforms and in the confusion Mulligan twice halted his men's fire in his uncertainty over the advancing ranks. When he was convinced they

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Above: *Colonel James A. Mulligan,* ***Right Top***: *Brigadier General George Crook.* ***Center, top to bottom***: *Brigadier General Alfred Napoleon Alexander Duffie, Colonel Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Captain Henry DuPont.*

were Southerners, the Federals replied. The crashing musketry sounded like the rapid tearing of canvas and rolled all along Hogg Run. But it was from the east, across the pike, where the final thunder rumbled. Wharton's Confederate division had charged boldly.

Emerging from behind a ridge of hills, these Rebels, directed personally by Breckinridge, advanced in serried ranks across the open ground. While Gordon had been rolling back Crook's right and hammering at the Union center, the handsome Kentuckian was marching Wharton's two brigades under cover of some ravines beyond the Federal left flank. The brigades of Colonels George S. Patton and Augustus Forsberg then formed behind the ridge. Preceded by a swarm of skirmishers, Wharton's Confederates marched over the crest, advancing nearly perpendicular to the Union left.

The Federals manning this sector of Crook's line belonged to Hayes' brigade. It had been a difficult day for the Ohio colonel as he tried to coordinate his advance with Mulligan's division on the right. His four regiments—the 13th and 5th West Virginia and the 23d and 36th Ohio —had gnawed ineffectively at Atkinson's charging Georgians. Hayes had observed Wharton's skirmishers deploying and reported it to Crook and Mulligan. Ordered to continue his advance, Hayes found his brigade unsupported when Wharton charged.

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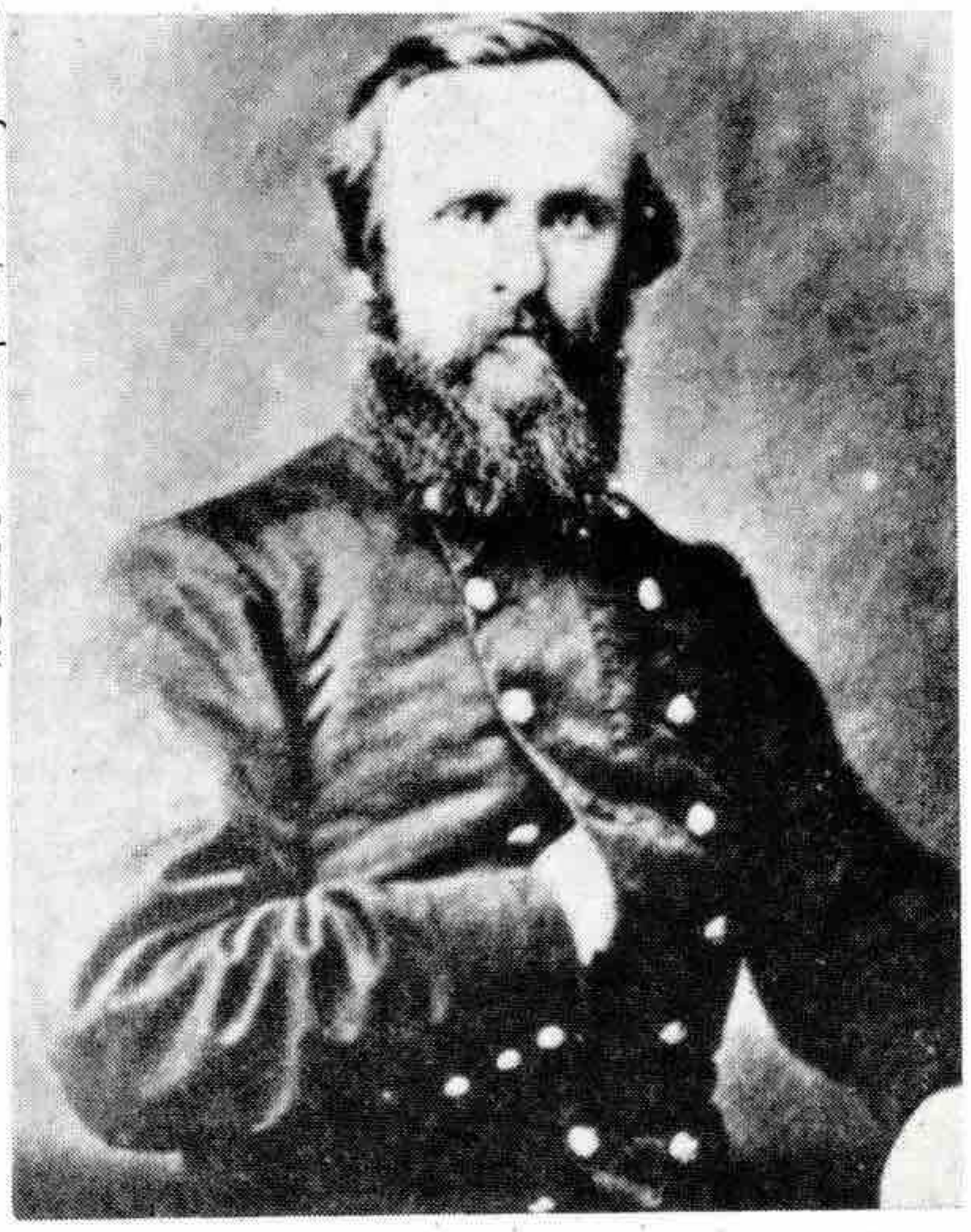

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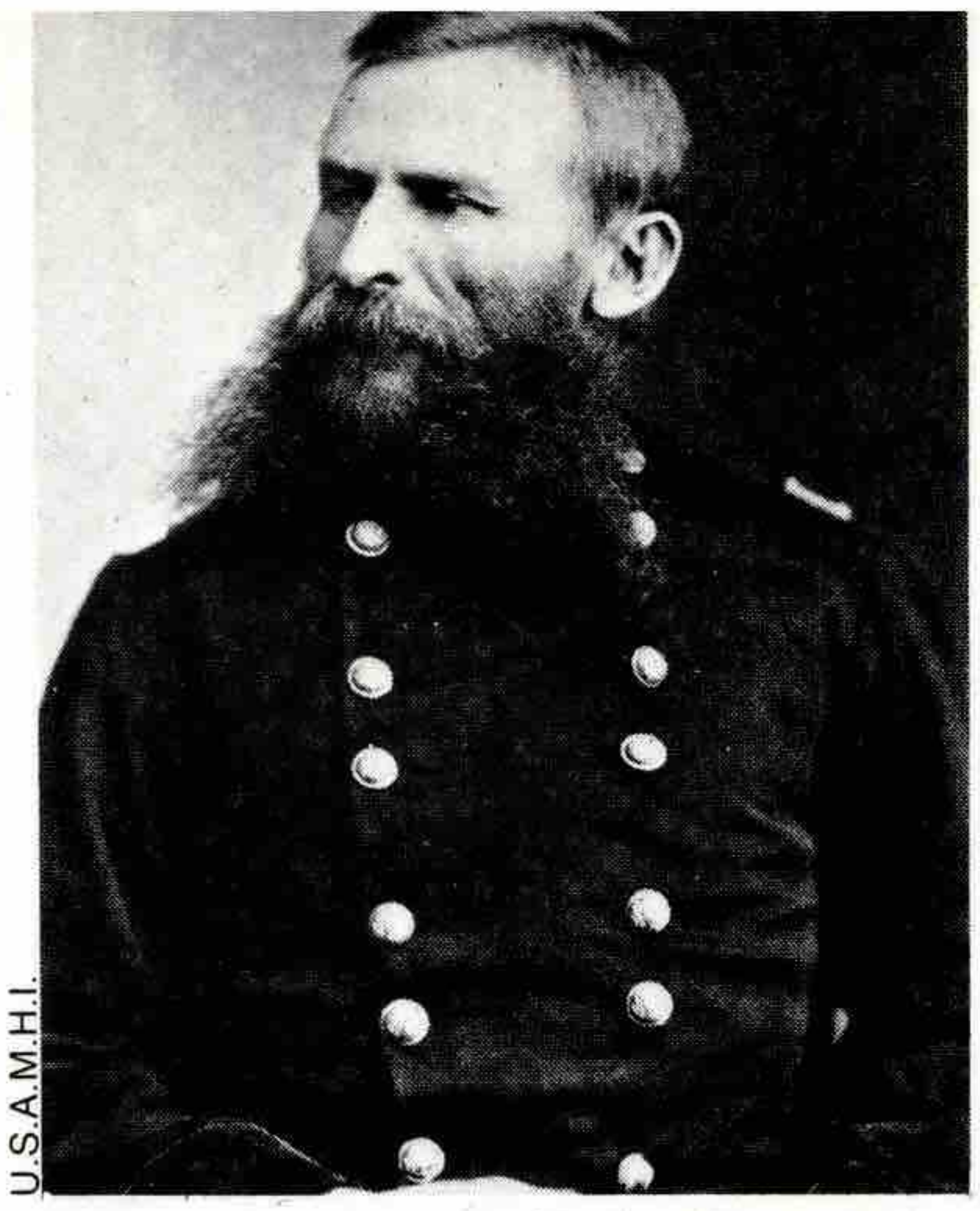

U.S.A.M.H.I.

Within minutes the gray-clad wave engulfed Hayes' Ohioans and West Virginians. The two left regiments, Hayes' old 23d and the 36th, dissolved under the onslaught. Hayes quickly redeployed his command behind a stone wall across the path of the oncoming Confederates and finally opened fire. The Southerners, Virginians all, leaned forward into the storm. Hayes' brigade simply cracked, its members scurrying up a hill where the brigade commander temporarily rallied them.

Breckinridge, who "displayed great skill and dash," according to a staff officer, then swung Wharton's division toward the left of Mulligan's fought-out command. Gordon's soldiers also charged, and the Confederates "swept forward like an avalanche." Caught in a crossfire, the center of the Union line crumbled. At first, "it seemed to be gradually giving way by fits," reported a Union regimental commander, but then it disappeared. Mulligan galloped into the fragments, trying vainly to form a patchwork defense. The brave Irishman suddenly lurched in the saddle and tumbled to the ground, pierced by minié bullets. "*He stood* where *no other man* would stand," Surgeon Neil wrote. Mulligan died that night in a nearby house.

The destruction of the Union center unbuckled both flanks. Crook's infantrymen, left and right, extricated themselves in reasonable order. Hayes pulled back his bloodied ranks along the pike to another hill, met Crook, and received orders to protect one of DuPont's batteries which was limbering up. To the west Thoburn's division and Johnson's brigade of Duval's division marched across the fields with little difficulty, and Duffié's horsemen covered their withdrawal.

The cavalry division, after being relieved by the infantry in the morning, proceeded beyond Crook's right flank, guarding the western approaches. The troopers enjoyed the respite from the battle raging to the east. With the collapse of the Union line, however, Duffié reacted swiftly. Seeing the Confederates – Terry's brigade – pursuing the fleeing foot soldiers, he ordered two squadrons of the 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry to charge the Rebels.

The Yankees promptly galloped across the farmlands. A Confederate artillerist, witnessing the attack from a position to the rear, described the ensuing struggle. "It was a very daring charge . . . but their loss was very heavy," he wrote. "It seemed to me, looking on from a distant hill, that every man was killed or captured and a few horses went back, but most were without riders." Terry's Virginians had stopped them cold with searing volleys. Duffié then threw in Higgins' entire brigade which succeeded in temporarily slowing the Southern pursuers. The Frenchman finally recalled the brigade, and his division moved north after the retreating infantry.

On the other side of the battlefield, meanwhile, Averell's cavalrymen were also falling back before the Confederate onslaught. Assigned the duty of guarding Crook's left flank, Averell had dismally failed his commander. He had advanced cautiously on the Front Royal Road, where he "met an obstinate resistance" from Early's cavalry, supported by horse artillery. Averell then halted and watched Breckinridge unleash his attack. He immediately informed Crook of the coming attack, formed his division into columns of regiments and began to withdraw toward Winchester.

Averell's troopers passed along the eastern edge of the town, as the infantry entered from the south. Crook managed to halt Ely's brigade, which had formed as a rearguard on a hill. Brown and his skirmishers of the 12th West Virginia deployed along the brigade's front. Soon Gordon's and Wharton's trailing Rebels descended upon the solitary Union command. The Confederates delivered "a leaden hail too hot & heavy for *any* but patriot martyrs to withstand." Swarming ahead, the Confederates overran the West Virginians. Brown, regimental commander Colonel William B. Curtis, and fifty members of the 12th were captured. The remainder of Ely's brigade turned and hurried into Winchester.

North of the town the orderly Federal retreat soon dissolved into a panic and stampede. Private John Ward, a musician in the 34th Massachusetts, described the scene to his parents a few days later:

"We of the band were waiting beside the rear of the wagon train, when upon looking behind we saw six horses without riders, a gun and a caison [*sic*], coming as hard as the horses could run right beside the road in the field and not more than 20 feet behind us. We all sprang to one side and the horses and gun passed us and ran into a stone wall. This caused the panic. Cavalrymen came dashing along without any regard to footmen, the stragglers set into a double quick, throwing away knapsacks, haversacks, guns and equipment and everything else. The teamsters set their horses into a gallop. Some even went out into the lots and there cut away the horses, leaving the wagons to be burned or captured by the enemy."

The panicked Federals burned or abandoned twelve caissons and seventy-two wagons in their headlong flight, which continued throughout the night. Early pursued only to Winchester, where he halted his weary veterans, some of whom had marched 27 miles since daylight. But the Yankees, seeing phantoms of Rebel cavalrymen, stumbled through the darkness. Regiments became separated from brigades; officers lost their men, while a pelting rainstorm added misery to the demoralization. Most of the Northerners finally halted at Bunker Hill, collapsing to the ground from exhaustion.

The Federals renewed their retreat at daylight on the 25th. Drenching rain slowed their march. They reached Martinsburg about noon, where Crook deployed Wells' brigade as a rearguard. Early in the afternoon McCausland's Rebel cavalrymen appeared from the south and began skirmishing with the Federals. The contest lasted until after 3:00 p.m., when Wells fell back through the town. The Confederates halted, and Crook's command bivouacked for the night on both sides of the Potomac River. Two days later the broken Army of West Virginia stumbled into Union lines on Maryland Heights, across the Potomac from Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Its casualties amounted to 133 killed, 847 wounded and 601 missing or captured – nearly 20 per cent of the command.

"Such a terrible disaster to our arms," lamented Surgeon Neil. Hayes described it somewhat inaccurately, as "a new experience, a decided defeat in battle." The Ohio colonel sought reasons and scapegoats but wisely concluded "I think the army is not disposed to blame the result on anybody. The enemy was so superior that a defeat was a matter of course if we fought."

Crook, indeed, had been outfought, outgeneraled, and routed by Jubal Early and his infantry. The Union commander believed otherwise, however. He blamed the cavalry, especially Averell, for the defeat. He accused the cavalry officer of failing to protect the Union left, circulating "all kinds of lying reports, tending to demoralize the whole command," and subsequently claimed Averell was drunk. But Crook deserved some of the criticism. He chose a defensive position with an exposed left flank and then ignored Hayes' warnings of a Confederate concentration on the ridge of hills. Facing an experienced, wily foe, with superior numbers, Crook unwisely decided to fight on terrain not easily defended. He should have heeded his earlier words to Hunter.

The defeat at Kernstown decisively affected Union authorities. Department commander Hunter reacted furiously to the news and Crook's evaluation, summarily dismissing a number of subordinate officers for either drunkenness, cowardice, general incapacity, or worthlessness. Those arrested he placed in a guard house in Hagerstown, Maryland. For Hunter, it was one of his final acts as department commander.

Crook's thrashing had its greatest effect on Grant. It finally forced the general-in-chief to give the vital Shenandoah Valley the serious attention it demanded. When he learned of the rout on July 25, Grant immediately cancelled the VI Corps' return to Petersburg, ordering it back to the valley. He also assigned the two divisions of the XIX Corps to the region and, on the 29th, sent the 1st Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac north. To command this new army and department, Grant assigned Major General Philip H. Sheridan, Crook's old West Point roommate. Two weeks after The Second Battle of Kernstown, Sheridan, an officer as aggressive as Early, arrived in the Shenandoah. Federal victory would only be a matter of time. ▣

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1084

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No. No. No. The Burnside Rifle Co. manufactured 20-inch barrel carbines, period. The so-called Burnside rifles are, in actuality, Burnside carbines that were altered by the Springfield Armory in 1871 into two-band rifle muskets.

I can go on, but I think that your readers will get the point: would-be authors of historical material must do their homework, prior to writing. Authors must turn to original first-source documents, and not rely on what prior authors have said. Let future authors beware.

Roy Marcot
Irvine, California

NO SUCH CREEK

Dear Editor,

I would like to inform you of a geographical error in your May issue. It is found in the article, "The Pain Of Pyrrhic Victory: The Battle Of Jenkins' Ferry, Arkansas." The stream which you so often refer to as Toxie Creek is known as Cox Creek. There has been no such creek (Toxie) ever in Grant County. Cox Creek was the name of the stream before the war, and I believe I can explain your mistake.

As you know, there are many different dialects within our Southern English. Before your May issue came out I was visiting with the curator of the Grant County Museum, Mr. Elwin Goolsby. He told me how some of the Northerners referred to Cox Creek as Toxie Creek because of our accent. Most of us Arkansans refer to the stream as Coxes Creek rather than Cox Creek, in pronunciation. This led to the misunderstanding in name. Also your map is somewhat off. I had never before seen the map in the article, but there is another field due east of Cooper's Field, the Kelley Field. The Saline River and Cox Creek are also slightly wrong in direction. The river flows northwest to southeast to almost due east. Cox Creek flows more northeast.

Anthony Rushing
Commander,
David O. Dodd Camp 1415,
Sons of Confederate
Veterans
Benton, Arkansas

"BABE" LINCOLN?

Dear Editor,

In regard to "Take Me Out To The Battlefield" (April 1984), I have long

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been interested in the Civil War, baseball, and the life of Abraham Lincoln. In Albert Spalding's book, *America's National Game* (pp. 361–362), he tells that when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, Lincoln said, "Tell the gentlemen that I am glad to know of their coming (to tell me); but they'll have to wait a few minutes till I make another base hit." He was playing a game of baseball at the time (allegedly). Another book I read told of Abe and one of his sons seated on the third-base line watching a game in Washington, D.C.

Last year I wrote to James Hickey, curator of Lincolniana at the Illinois State Historical Library and asked if all of the references to Lincoln having ever watched or played a game of Base Ball (as it was spelled in those days) were true. Hickey wrote; "I am not able to verify any of the Lincoln quotes concerning baseball, in fact, I have never been able to confirm that he was acquainted with the game as we now know it." He went on to say that he (Hickey) found many references to Lincoln playing *hand ball* but, he wondered, "How do you play the game, in a wide open lot with no walls?"

Anyway, I am glad the question of Lincoln and baseball was brought up by Schultz.

Leonard J. Jacobs
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Mr. Jacobs,

I gathered most of my information for the article you quote from David Q. Voight's American Baseball.

According to him, the game Lincoln allegedly played and the one he allegedly watched were different. Lincoln, he states, played a variation of the sport, called "town ball," and watched at least one contest more closely related to "the game as we know it."

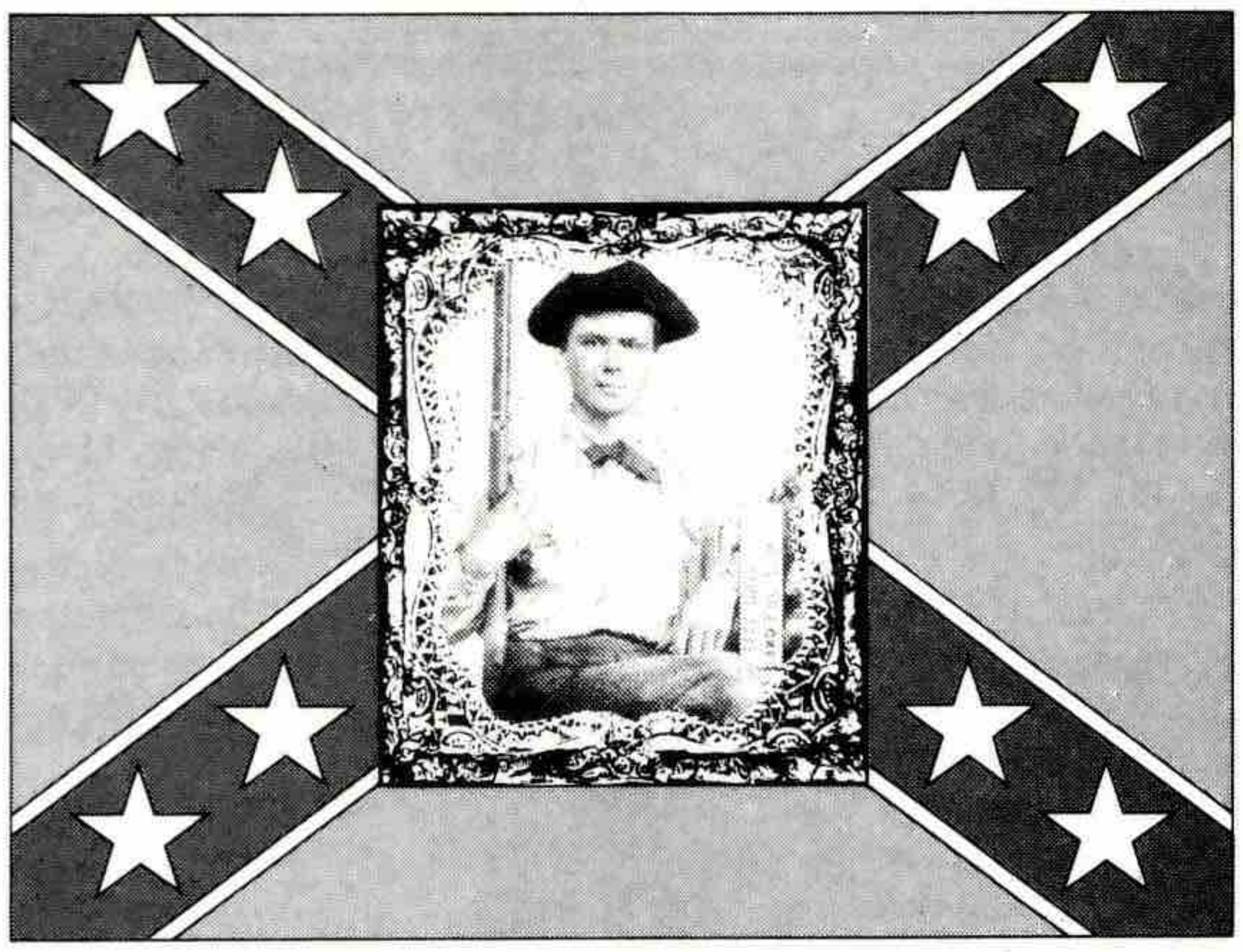
However, if Mr. Hickey cannot verify any of this, we are inclined to accept his word. The reference to hand ball sounds interesting. Maybe we'll run a story to coincide with the hand ball season opener. When does it start, anyway? FLS

PRIZE WINNER

Dear Editor,

I am very grateful to the readers of *CWTI* for voting me the recipient of the 1984 Author's Prize. It is, of course, as much for Abraham Lincoln as for me, and this is especially fitting on the year of his 175th birthday.

Stephen B. Oates
Amherst, Massachusetts



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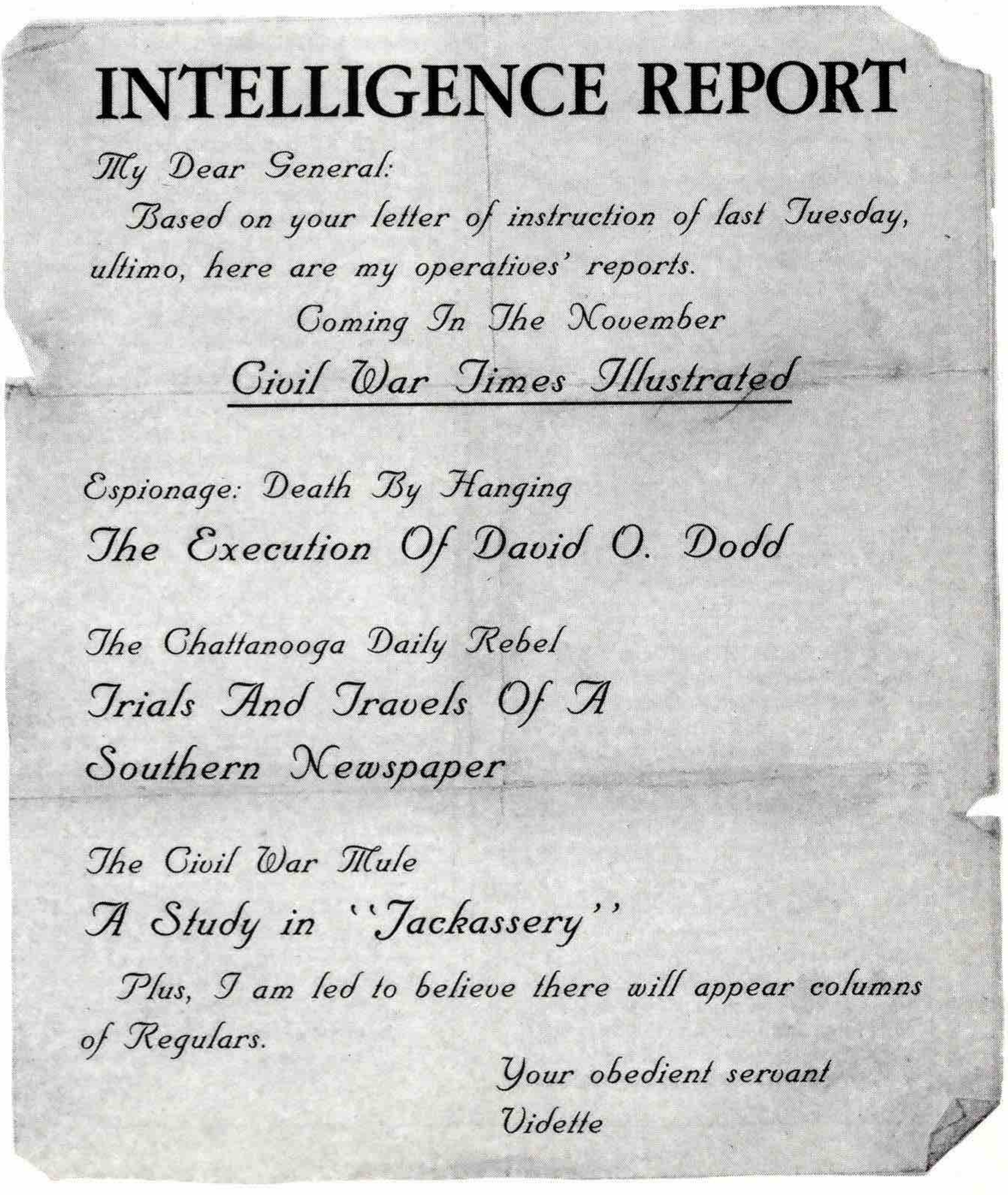


INTELLIGENCE REPORT

My Dear General:

Based on your letter of instruction of last Tuesday, ultimo, here are my operatives' reports.

Coming In The November
Civil War Times Illustrated

Espionage: Death By Hanging
The Execution Of David O. Dodd

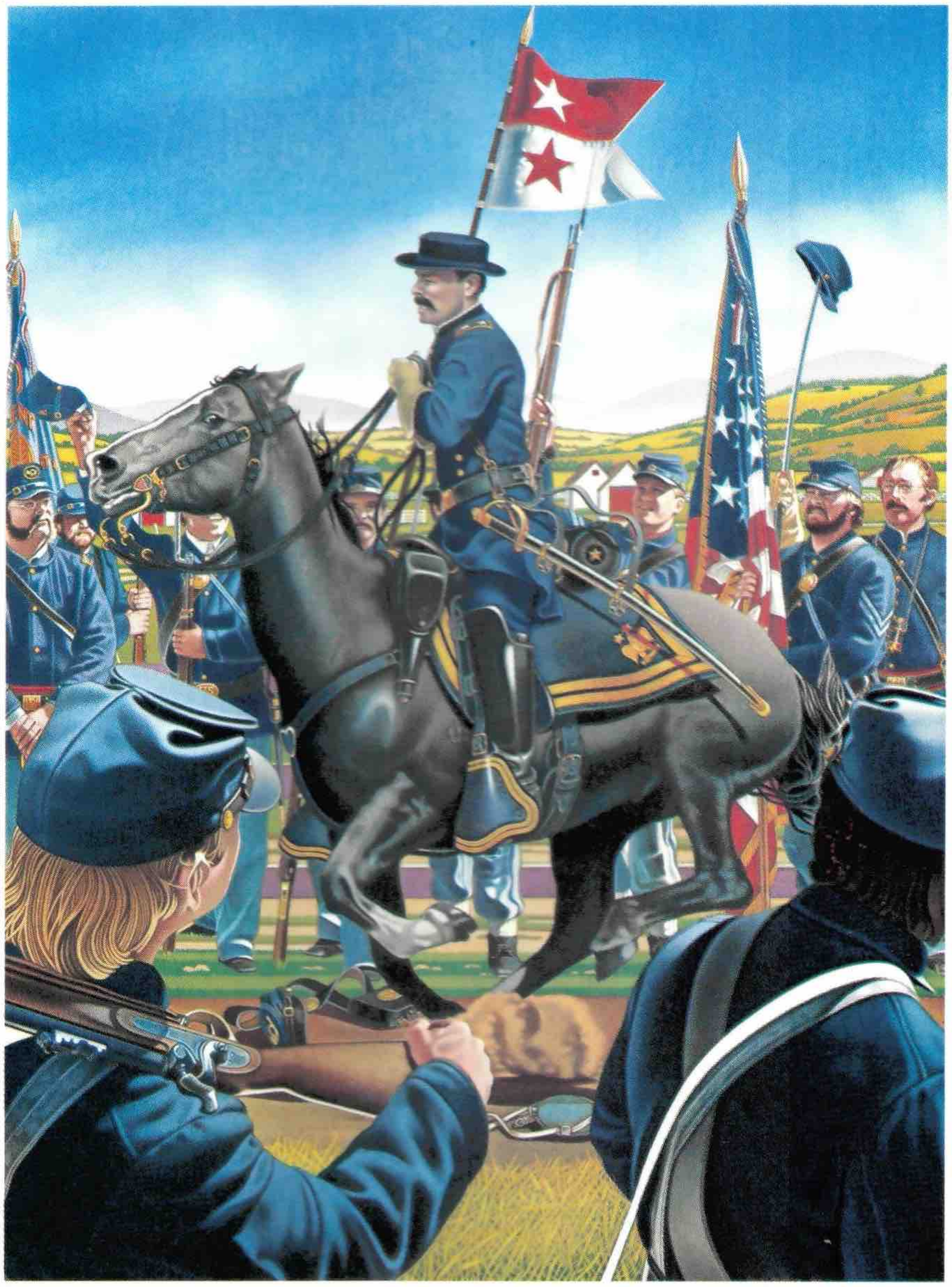
The Chattanooga Daily Rebel
Trials And Travels Of A
Southern Newspaper

The Civil War Mule
A Study in "Jackassery"

Plus, I am led to believe there will appear columns of Regulars.

Your obedient servant
Vidette

GEN. SHERIDAN RIDES AGAIN.



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